AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 4, 1937

WHO'S WHO

DORAN HURLEY, yielding to the solicitation of many of our readers who enjoyed his gentle satire on the changing concept of the older and the newer Catholicism as exemplified in a typical parish with typical pastors, has turned most appropriately this week to the old books and libraries. Those who remember back to the days before the Catholic Surgence in literature gathered force will appreciate the significance of his observations. THOMAS F. MEEHAN, faithful rememberer of old books and old times, adds a note. . . . HUGH M. McCARRON, S.J., Professor of English Literature in the Graduate School, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., is the author of *Realization: a Philosophy of Poetry,* which deserves recognition. It vindicates insight and intuition as against discursive reasoning. . . . DAN GILBERT, remaining a non-Catholic, has been campaigning through his numerous books and periodical writing for things which Catholics hold precious. . . . FIVE STAFF WRITERS supplemented by two authorities make a survey of the book literature of the year in Part Two of this issue. FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY, who rarely misses reading a novel, was drafted from Fordham University for the time it took to write his comments, and RAYMOND CORRIGAN, S.J., of St. Louis University, was commissioned to sift his history evaluations. PAUL L. BLAKELY on his hobby of American biographies, JOHN A. TOOMEY, on the foreigners, JOHN LaFARGE on economics, government, etc., WILLIAM J. BENN, on religious treatises, LEONARD FEENEY, on literature, poetry and their allies, are all qualified observers. . . . ALBERT I. WHELAN, with his charming essay on children's literature, was promoted from the Supplement to Part One.

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COMMENT

MEMBERS of the Hierarchy of the United States engaged in private deliberations upon the state of the Church in the United States as well as upon the impact of the foreign world on the American Church. The sessions lasted through three packed days, a day longer than is usual in these annual meetings. The statements released to the press, which incorporate many of the reports of the various Bishops' Committees, indicate clearly that the American Hierarchy is looking at the problems confronting the Church in America both comprehensively and intensively. They are concerned with the increase of fervor among the people and of the people's intelligence, through study-clubs and lay organizations, through youth groups and Catholic schools and the extension of religious teaching to those attending non-Catholic schools. Their concern with morals was expressed in a very vigorous statement on the motion pictures, floor-shows and books. Their awareness to the economic and sociological trends seemed to underlie their pronouncements on all other topics. The Catholic press was considered in its varied ramifications. Missionary expansion, at home and abroad, was under discussion. Mexico, Spain and Germany drew forth letters of sympathy to the suffering Bishops and peoples of those countries. Rightly did His Holiness "invoke on them Divine Light and Love in their labors for the glory of God."

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DEMOCRACY was outraged in Brazil a few weeks ago, according to the radicals and liberals who shout before they look. Brazil had committed the unpardonable crime of going Fascist, or Nazist, they bellowed even before the true news from Brazil had reached the North American newspaper offices. They lamented the fact that the first American Republic had turned from the glorious path of American republicanism. They have phenomenal brains, these radicals, liberals, leftists, popular-frontists. They can never think of Mexico long enough to compute the percentage of democracy remaining in that dictatorship. The percentage is minus zero. Mexico is not a Republic, though it calls Cárdenas President. Mexico is not a democracy, though it stages elections. Mexico permits no freedom of conscience, of press, of speech, of assembly, of education, of business, of politics. Mexico presents the curious anomaly of a State professing to function according to a democratic constitution, linking itself with a Marxist sort of ideology, and functioning as the premier Fascist dictatorship in the Western Hemisphere. The liberals and the radicals who are so keen upon the scent of Fascism might well study the Fascism of Mexico and, at the same time, learn something of the advantages of Corporativism for Brazil.

MONTEZUMA is the name of a Seminary down near the Mexican border. It is a refuge from the Mexican-style of democracy. When Bishops were in hiding and priests were on the run before the democratic tyrants of Mexico, it was a problem to educate young men who were to be the martyred priests and Bishops of Mexico in the future. The Mexican and American Hierarchies cooperated, then, in establishing a Seminary for Mexico in the United States. Five months ago, under the supervision of Archbishop Gerken, of Santa Fe, a place and a habitation began to be turned into a school of sacred studies. Father Silva, S.J., the Rector of Montezuma, in a letter to Bishop Gannon, of Erie, Chairman of the Bishops' Committee, reported that 352 brave young Mexicans, with the love of God in their hearts, were enrolled this first year in the Seminary. Of these, 175 are students of theology and will be ordained within the next few years. These priestlings are all refugees from the American-supported, Mexican-style democracy. They cannot serve God under Cárdenas and his crew. They must come to the United States where freedom of conscience is still held in honor, and where 205 other Seminaries are undisturbed in their holy routine of study and prayer. And yet, the Government of the United States and the American Ambassador and other officials are actively using their powers and their influence in support of an anti-religious, anti-democratic regime that is hostile to the basic liberties they profess to defend in the United States.

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COMPLAINT has been made or, at least, advertence has been called to the fact that divorce as a theme is losing favor on the stage and in the films. It is too simple, not subtle enough in our progressive day. Well, the lecture halls and lyceums are coming to the rescue of our national institution, of which we are so proud. Madame Karin Michaelis, Danish author and lecturer, proposed a scheme for subsidizing divorce in a lecture before 300 women of the League for Political Education at New York's Town Hall. She declared that children of luckless marriages—what an apt expression! Marriage, you know, is a lottery—should be protected against the results of such marriages by a special government tax, levied against both single and married men. It is not clear whether the tax will force a rush to the matrimonial lottery to swell the luckless marriages and the divorce sequels. Madame Michaelis argued that present divorce and alimony systems are inadequate. Many couples, she said, are involved in unhappy marriages because of present economic conditions. They are "involved" not because they freely entered a sacred contract, but because they are too financially em-

barrassed to cast wistful eyes on Reno or some other divorce mill. The poor husband has not enough money to pay alimony and begin a gay life with his new soul-mate. The wife suffers, too, because she feels herself a weight around his neck since she needs the alimony to take and maintain her proper sphere in society. That is a nice pickle all around. The lecturer did not describe her plans for a child tax to meet this tear-drawing tangle. She did assert there should be a "reorganization of the child question." How often we have heard that! It was a noble condescension for the visiting lecturer to throw out the suggestion and let Americans take it and settle the details. She did, however, point out that her "child-tax plan" would settle the question in a dignified way which must have gone over big with her hearers, women from among our better class. New taxes are unpopular but this is a "dearie" and the ladies ought soulfully to campaign for it.

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DOUBTING the self-sacrificing magnanimity and princely munificence of H. G. Wells should no longer be possible to Americans. The famous author once more bared his philanthropic soul at the New York *Times* National Book Fair at Rockefeller Center. He told his hearers that he put the many questions in which he was interested into a book, *The Anatomy of Frustration,* a year ago, and the reading public's reaction to his altruistic effort was cataclysmic in its failure. "The book is a complete failure. Nobody seemed to buy it. Nobody seems to have seen it. It is out of print. If you try to get it now you will have to buy it as a rare book." Clever that, Mr. Wells. What better advertising bait than "a rare book" for Americans! But Mr. Wells must have forgotten the American critics of the *Anatomy* in his inclusiveness. They read it, or at least tried to do so, and must have carried headaches for weeks as a result of their efforts to follow the theorizing and philanthropic world-making and remaking of its distinguished author. In his all-knowing desire to enlighten Americans, he turned to the movies, small books (surely a herculean sacrifice) and even there, they went without a publisher. He tried short stories, but these too succumbed. To what? Not to the public's or publisher's indifference—but to the horrid book salesman. This latter devil of the book trade wants a big book that will sell forty or fifty thousand copies. "I have concluded that if anybody has ideas that he wants to put over to the American public he must produce a book eight inches by five inches and at least four inches thick. It must have one continuous story all the way through." Then Mr. Wells momentarily paused, and added: "And you might as well leave out the ideas—they are unnecessary." Strange but that was what many concluded long ago from Mr. Wells' own output.

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DEEPLY moving are the words with which the Most Rev. Conrad Gröber, Archbishop of Freiburg, in Germany, declares his complete disillusionment with the present Nazi regime. They were written on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his priesthood. "I openly acknowledge," says the Archbishop, "that the last five years have been the most difficult of my entire life. . . . I am ready to face worse things and the very worst things. The aim for which our ideological enemies are contending becomes ever more clear and menacing. They no longer make any pretense about it." The Archbishop's words gain immensely in significance when we recall that Archbishop Gröber was preeminent among the German Bishops in welcoming the Nazi regime. His optimism caused him to argue, and argue effectively, for the adoption of the Concordat. He had a brilliant record of patriotic devotion during the World War. He had welcomed the soldiers returning from the Front in words glowing with enthusiasm for Germany's cause. During the war he had arranged for the hospitalization in Switzerland of sick and under-nourished German children. This prelate, against whom the Nazis now raise their insane taunt of "complexity between Rome and Moscow" was in the forefront in anti-Bolshevist activities prior to 1933. The Archbishop finds his strength in the unshaken fidelity of his clergy and people, the lofty inspiration of the martyred Bishops of Spain. His words are another testimony to the faithlessness of the enemies of religion in Germany.

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PART of the weariness of our editorial duties is lightened by the dropping in at our office of interesting visitors, usually on their way to catch a boat for Europe, or else, with their sea-legs still under them, having debarked from one; in either of which cases they make fascinating company. This past week's ace visitor was undoubtedly the Most Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Bishop of Alaska, who arrived on the Normandie, after making one of his *ad limina* visits to the Holy Father. His delightful secretary, Father Coudeyre, was with him, and all work here was immediately suspended until we listened to their tales. Bishop Crimont is eight months younger than the Pope, and there was much jollying and patting-on-the-back between them on this score. *"La glace vous preserve!"* exclaimed the Holy Father to His Excellency of Alaska, remarking, as everyone does, on Bishop Crimont's extreme youthfulness of appearance. One of the chief topics of discussion between the two was Saint John Bosco, whom both knew personally in their younger days. Bishop Crimont attributes his life (despaired of by the doctors when he was twenty-four years old) to the intercession of the great Apostle of Turin. As between a personally known Saint, whom one had interceded with, and the other had canonized, what wonder that the audience between Pius XI and Bishop Crimont was prolonged to the point where the Pope's secretaries began to grow restless, and the Swiss Guard began to shift their spears uneasily, possibly suspecting a plot. Bishop Crimont departed here having won all our hearts, and it is our earnest prayer that the "ice will go on preserving him."

FARM OWNERSHIP LINKED WITH TRADES UNIONS

The Catholic plan replies to a Soviet challenge

JOHN LaFARGE

CONSISTENTLY has AMERICA probed the causes which keep the labor situation in the United States in perpetual turmoil. It has insisted, in season and out of season, that the internal difficulties which the unions experience are not to be blamed upon the principle of trades-unionism in either form that it may take, whether of the industrial or of the crafts union. It believes that these difficulties are due to personal factors which can be remedied by a change of heart in certain leaders and by the education in the true concept of Christian trades-unionism of the great body of American labor. But another element in the trades-union situation must be reckoned with if trades-unionism is to be saved.

Speaking over the National Farm and Home Hour, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared that "the farmer's welfare is labor's welfare. The two are inseparable." Mr. Green gave as the reason for his statement the "close and direct relationship" that exists between labor's economy and the farmer's economy. "This means that the buying power of the farmer depends directly upon the buying power of labor." Large-scale agriculture, too, has produced a corresponding body of farm laborers, so that agricultural workers' unions are now forming in fruit and vegetable farming, in beet growing, in onion growing, in large-scale dairies and in fruit and vegetable packing and canning.

It is not the alleged identity of interests between labor and agriculture which is our concern. Indeed, such an identity is vigorously denied by many prominent farm leaders who look upon such identification as mere propaganda for the proposed Farmer-Labor party. We are concerned with the danger to trades-unionism that was pointed out by Dr. Goetz Briefs of Georgetown University at the recent convention in Richmond, Va., of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference: the formation of an ever-increasing wage-earning proletariat due to the vanishing ownership of the land.

The effect of this vanishing ownership, said Dr. Briefs, is to intensify to the point of madness the rivalries among wage-earners, and between wage-earners and their employers. It makes no difference whether it is an industrial or an agricultural wage-earner that is concerned. The bitterness and rivalry, with corresponding difficulty of reaching a solution, increase as a greater and greater percentage of our citizens move into the purely wage-earning class, and thus swell the ranks of an eventual proletariat. The terrific pressure upon trades-unionism created by such a situation adds fuel to the flames of internecine labor disputes. A wider and wider area is opened up for the ambitions of organizers and organizations, and, worst of all, youth grows up conceiving of life only in terms of labor rivalries, with no other idea of man's temporal existence.

The Catholic Church appeals to charity and justice as the remedy for these disputes. But charity and justice belong to the supernatural order. They are gifts of Divine Grace, and Divine Grace builds upon nature. If that nature is to be restored, there must be a much greater equalization than now prevails between the two main types of existence: the wage-earning and the agrarian; and that can only be accomplished by the restoration of private property to the landless proletariat.

Growing tenantry is a sign of the proletarianizing process. In the rural districts, tenantry has increased from thirty-five per cent of the total number of farms in 1900 to forty-five per cent in 1935. As was shown by Dr. Edgar B. Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Director of the Catholic Rural Life Bureau of the N. C. W. C., this increased tenantry brings with it physical "erosion" of the farms, which are not cared for by those who do not own them; and social "erosion," in the shape of irresponsible drifters; and "vanishing liberty, since renters, like wage-earners, are not the free people that owners are." But more threatening than that, it means the continual swelling of the ranks of competing industrial job seekers in the cities.

The Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Great Falls, father of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, resumed recent Papal teaching as: "First, wide diffusion of privately owned property in land; secondly, the ownership of the land by those who operate it; and, thirdly, the desirability of the family-sized farms as opposed to the larger holdings on which farm laborers were little better than serfs."

How can all this be brought about? The yearly discussions of the Catholic Rural Life Conference have crystalized certain ideas.

The opinion has been very positively formed that no amount of mere economic allurement will attach people to the land who are at present disaffected from it. Farming may be made an attractive business for some of the higher-ups in the cotton or the wheat or the dairying oligarchy, or in the large-scale trucking enterprises, but though some way may be devised to make it yield a good living for the little farmers, the multitudes will not be attracted to farming merely because of its paying facilities. Nor will the multitudes be won by any back-to-the-land mysticism, however it may appeal to individuals. Land as a mere money-making agent, or land as an end in itself, does not offer a sufficiently powerful and reliable incentive. People will only learn to appreciate the land and to value land ownership when they look upon it as an instrument; an instrument given to man by the Creator Himself, but an instrument *primarily* for a spiritual purpose, and only secondarily for the purpose of commercial or monetary profit.

This spiritual purpose is the sustenance and the physical permanence of the farm home, as the seat of the Christian family. This was put very plainly by the Most Rev. Aloysius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo, as the fifth of six points with which he summed up the topic of religion and rural welfare: "The principles of social justice, effective tenancy legislation, etc., must have their first point in the farm home. The farmstead as a homestead must be cherished as the priceless social institute in the land."

In a public address a few days before the Richmond meeting, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Alexander Troyanovsky, flung down a challenge to the principle of widely distributed, family-size land ownership as the foundation for a healthy economic life in the nation. It is impossible, said Mr. Troyanovsky, to apply modern technique to the small-sized or family farm. Modern agricultural technique requires large-scale farming, and this means that the only course for American farming is to become collective. That Soviet statement is simply contrary to fact. Where the local community is organized on a cooperative basis, small farms can enjoy every bit of the modern technical facilities—mechanical, electric, biological, etc.,—as are enjoyed by any collective or large-scale enterprise. As was stated by the Conference in a resolution that drew general applause: "We must retain fee-simple ownership of land in small parcels and make technology and scientific research serve this type of land tenure." A pioneer spirit can use twentieth-century methods.

Behind the Soviet challenge, however, lay a threat of a much deeper nature, a threat that hangs like a cloud over our congressional deliberations at the present time, to the effect that only rigid governmental control can restrain the domination of large-scale farming, curb wasteful competition and greed, and afford sufficient protection to the small farmer. Hence the farmer is confronted with only two entrées on his menu: virtual dictatorship or ruinous laissez-faire. To this challenge we reply:

First, that an immense amount can (and must) be done by the Government, State as well as Federal, to encourage distributed land-ownership and the useful organization of rural economy which does not fall into the class of rigid control or virtual dictatorship. As Bishop Muench noted in the third of his six points, the state can "safeguard the farmers' interests in the sale of property so that that acquisition of private property is possible." Taxes can favor small-scale ownership without invading the rights of individuals or destroying all private initiative. Taxation, said Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas at the recent opening of Congress, should favor the family-size farm. Governmental credit can be organized to help the small owner quite as much as the large.

Second, the amount that can be accomplished in this direction by voluntary effort is woefully underestimated. An experiment like that of Father Ligutti in Granger, Iowa, would have been thought utterly impracticable a few years ago. Yet Father Ligutti's Slavs and Italians have demonstrated a high degree of self-subsistence and skilful utilization of modern technical resources within a framework provided for them through Federal aid. Other experiments spring up daily, all of them in one form or another teaching that no limit has yet been found to the efficacy of cooperation on Christian—not on merely materialistic—lines. The surface of cooperation between city and country groups, between producer and consumer, on a voluntary and regional basis, has hardly been scratched. How many charitable individuals, for instance, in our large cities, have experimented in a most eminently practical form of cooperation, that of making loans, on long-term payments, to young families starting life in the country? Incredibly little has been done in the field of voluntary international cooperation. We talk of export and surpluses as if these things were decreed by the gods on Olympus. Yet they are amenable to voluntary understandings which transcend governmental lines.

At the present time I know of at least one Catholic rural community which is trying to organize itself upon a cooperative basis. Pastor and Sisters are leading in the work. The community is in the East, and is fairly accessible to large centres. Let us suppose that a city Catholic, with some means and some leisure, were to interest himself in the affairs of such a community, were to spend a certain part of his time therein, study on the spot its possibilities for the exemplification of the Christian cooperative, confer with the local men and women who are trying to put the program across, and extend a certain amount of practical aid to the initial ventures—what an immense amount of good could be accomplished for the Catholic social program! Why should a community of decent, self-respecting people, of our own Faith, be obliged always to choose between the dismal alternatives of starting from absolute scratch, or else applying for Federal bounties which are granted only upon rigidly specified lines, entail heavy obligations and dependencies, and, anyhow, do not touch this sort of effort.

While I was writing this paragraph, Father McGoey, of Toronto, dropped in, who has accomplished

such wonders in establishing his forty practically self-sustaining families, with their 241 souls, upon the land. He sees a plenty of ways in which an intelligent city Catholic can aid such a rural community. He can help the rural cooperatives to finance their project. He can help provide outlets in the city, such as a consumer's organization, for the community's produce. He can assist the rural community in getting books and furniture for a rural library. But the most useful task of all, in Father McGoey's opinion, for the city person, is to bring the rural dweller to a better appreciation of his own opportunities. This he can do best if he is himself a man who has made a successful career of city life, and so can add realism to his own comparisons.

Finally, it seems to me that we vastly underestimate, in this, as in other matters pertaining to social justice, the immense efficacy of a widespread popular education in the principles of a right order. Were our Catholic periodicals—speaking of Catholics alone—and our Catholic lecturers and preachers and professors of sociology and economics throughout the country to unite upon a wide and general program of educating the American people as to the evils of proletarianism, the necessity of distributed private ownership and the family as a social unit, the nature and efficacy of Christian cooperation and Christian cooperatives, the possibilities, spiritual and cultural of Catholic parish life, a definite brake would be put upon the centralizing and depersonalizing theories of agrarian economy which are now invading political circles. The majority of thinking farm leaders welcome these basic truths when they are explained to them. "We simply *must* accept your Catholic family-economics program," said the non-Catholic President of a secular college in conversation with a delegate to the Richmond convention. We have had, I believe, altogether too much agrarian defeatism. Let us begin to market the harvest of knowledge which alone can stop the Bolshevist weed from springing up and choking industry and agriculture to death.

HOW THE NEW PASTOR STARTED AGAIN THE LIBRARY

And how Miss Casey and Mrs. Crowley had a dispute

DORAN HURLEY

THE NEW pastor is striving mightily to bring the old parish to the very forefront of modern Catholic progress; but the good man is having his difficulties. I grant that we are stubbornly old-fashioned and loathe change, but it seems a great pity that each new act of his—if only in some minor particular—always manages to rub us the wrong way.

We are more than proud of his reputation in the diocese as a theologian and authority on the liturgy; but we deplore the fact, to ourselves, that for so many years before his appointment as our pastor his great brilliance of mind had caused the Bishop to withdraw him from all contact with parish affairs and make him diocesan chancellor. Our own point of view is completely parochial, whereas the parish as a very definite unit of the Church spiritual and material is a thing he has grown away from. We feel that, while pastors and curates may come and go, the old parish marches on. Our loyalty to our parish is the cornerstone of our greater loyalty to the Church. The difficulty is that we are confessedly provincial in our outlook, and chauvinism, of any kind, in the universal Church is beyond his ken. He feels, no doubt, that we lack the larger viewpoint; we think, perhaps without reason, that he, in turn, lacks the human touch.

However that may be, his most recent announcement filled us all with great joy. A few Sundays past, he mounted the pulpit at all the Masses to tell us that he was opening the library in our new parish school, not for the children alone, but for the use of all the parish. He had subscribed, he said, in our name, to the Catholic Book Club, the Spiritual Book Associates and to the Pro Parvulis Club for the children; as well as to all the leading Catholic magazines and journals.

Moreover, from his own library he had made careful selection of the books that he thought would be of greatest interest to us in the field of Catholic Action, books that would benefit us morally, spiritually and educationally. A capable attendant, he said, would be in charge of the library, which would

be open every day from two in the afternoon until eight in the evening. Under the direction of the librarian, the Gerard Groote Reading Circle (named after the man who wrote the *Imitation of Christ* for Thomas à Kempis) was to be formed in the parish, for the reading and discussion of worthwhile Catholic books. If there were those in the parish, he added, possessed of books that they would be willing to add to the present collection, the librarian would be very happy to receive them.

Not a soul in the parish but greeted the announcement with enthusiasm. We could talk of nothing else once Mass was over; for in the old parish we prided ourselves we were "great readers." In days gone by, every family had had its subscription to the *Pilot,* and in every attic were, still piled up, copies of the *Ave Maria* and the green backed *Donahoe's Magazine.* More than that, in the days of the old pastor our Sunday School library had been the finest in the diocese. Indeed, we wondered now where all those splendid books had gone. The library had been temporarily discontinued when the parish hall was torn down to make way for the new school. In the interim, while the school was still building, the old pastor died; and the Sunday School library that was so dear to him had been forgotten as the years went by.

More power to the new pastor, we agreed; and as soon as the library was opened we went, singly and in pairs "to get us a book and catch up on our reading." We came away upset and confused. The new pastor had given charge of the library to Constance Casey—of all people. Constance had taken it upon herself to regulate and to raise our literary standards!

Larry O'Toole who had gone to her, hopefully seeking a chance to reread *My New Curate,* came away with a copy of Mauriac's *God and Mammon.* John Riordan, the grocer, I found sitting on his front porch one night, dozing over a book by Jacques Maritain; while his wife, Julia, in the hammock, was spelling out Abbé Dimnet's *The Art of Thinking* to the Old Lady Cahill, from next door, who kept interrupting every few minutes to ask if there was nothing at all in the book about the Irish. Mary Ellen Shea, who helped fix the altar, and prided herself on her knowledge of things Catholic, when she asked Constance "if there wasn't a new book out by Isabel Clarke?" landed home, flayed by Connie's intellectual scorn, with a copy of the poems of Gertrude von le Fort.

Tim Sullivan asked me plaintively if there was any law against Catholic books by American writers, the way a plain man could learn more about the Church. "They're great books, all right, she has there," he said, "but it'd take a scholar to go through them. Wouldn't you think she'd do more to push books by our own people? I used to hear tell of some good ones, long ago; but there's not one of them on her shelves."

"You are behind the times, Tim," I said. "You're not keeping up with our neighbors, and Connie is. Haven't both Priestley and Walpole addressed the Congregational Men's Club, and Emil Ludwig and Thomas Mann lectured at the Reformed Synagogue? It's in the American social consciousness to be instructed from abroad. Why should we, as Catholics, be laggard?"

"Hmm, faraway cows always have long horns, 'tis true," said Tim doubtfully. "I'm one willing to learn from anybody, no matter. But I'll bet you these other people aren't shelving their Emersons and their Holmeses and their Thoreaus no matter whom they listen to. I still say we should encourage our own first, then turn to see what the other fellow is saying. According to Mike Casey's girl, Constance, Catholic literature started the day she left the Madames. All ahead of that time was no good, says she. I know better, and you know better, and the old pastor knew better. There was a sight of powerful good books and reading in our old Sunday School library, long before she'd started on the Baltimore Catechism."

The chat with Tim made me wonder, more than ever, what *had* become of our Sunday School collection. I went over to the library one afternoon to ask Constance whether she knew; but I stopped, transfixed, at the door, for inside—having it hot and heavy, as we say—were Constance Casey and Mrs. Patrick Crowley. Before them on the floor were boxes and crates and rope-tied bundles of books. One particularly heavy volume, Mrs. Crowley was brandishing furiously in the air.

It was the *Life of the Blessed Virgin,* published by Peter F. Collier, dear to the homes of our fathers; and this particular copy, I gathered, was one Mrs. Crowley had proudly presented years ago to the old Sunday School library. Constance, it seemed, having resurrected the old volumes at last from their storage place, after looking through them cursorily had decided they were fit only for burning; and had been so unwise as to say that to Mrs. Crowley.

"They're trash—the sort of thing that should be on the Index," said Constance.

"I'll *Index* you!" Mrs. Crowley kept answering. "The holy book we kept for years on the parlor table, that the old pastor always looked through when he come to the house! The *Life of the Blessed Virgin!*" she turned to me, "and the likes of her saying she'd burn it!"

Constance has some slight concern for my judgment where she has none for Mrs. Crowley's. "I wish you'd look through them," she said. "If you do find anything I'll be glad to keep it; but really it is just a lot of old junk. I thought I might find some early work of Chesterton or of Belloc—but no, not one. Just a lot of old-style writers much better off forgotten."

I needed no second invitation. Books are books; and as a small boy I had found the Sunday School library soul-satisfying. Down on the floor I plumped, with an eager Mrs. Crowley kneeling beside me—ready for what she hoped was to be her hour of triumph. "There's a full box there," she said, "of books by a man named Shea. I was going to tell Mary Ellen in case they'd be related."

So first to be rescued was John Gilmary Shea's four-volume history of the Church in the United States, his history of the Catholic missions among

the Indians, his *Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness* and *Discovery of the Mississippi Valley;* and soon, beside them, were Charles Warren Stoddard's *South-Sea Idyls* and that famous first book about Father Damien, *The Lepers of Molokai.* Seven volumes of the works of Bishop John England went with them, and twenty dusty volumes of the works of Orestes A. Brownson. I could hear Mrs. Crowley, with great grunting, making her own pile for my inspection, as I paused to dip into Charles Carroll of Carrollton's journal during his visit to Canada in 1776, as one of the commissioners from Congress.

The familiar rattle of a rosary made me look up. Reverend Mother had come into the room and Mrs. Crowley was proudly displaying her treasures. "Christian Reid!" Reverend Mother was exclaiming, "and Mrs. Sadlier and Anna Hanson Dorsey! Oh, the Sisters would love to read some of these at recreation. If you should find a book, *Espiritu Santo,* Mrs. Crowley—it's by Henrietta Skinner—hold it out for me. It was always a great favorite of mine."

"And look here," Mrs. Crowley said. "Here's one by Colonel Pat Guiney's daughter, Louise. It's poems. I'll save that for Mary Shea. Her own father served with Pat Guiney in the War. She'll take a sight more enjoyment out of this than the poetry book she has now."

In the meantime, I had unearthed the *Lyrics* and *Later Lyrics* of Father John Banister Tabb and the *Poems, Patriotic and Religious* of Father Abram Ryan, and I laid them reverently beside a mint copy of Louise Guiney's *Patrins.* My pile was growing in triple and quadruple rows; the novels of Frank Spearman; the essays of Bishop John Spalding on education; the discourses and sermons of James Cardinal Gibbons, with a first edition of *The Faith of Our Fathers* and a copy of *Our Christian Heritage.* I had James Jeffrey Roche's *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly* and O'Reilly's own collected verse; and the lives of Pope Pius IX and Pope Leo XIII by the other O'Reilly, Bernard.

I was all but hidden by books, delving into a copy of *A Yankee in Ireland,* by Paul Peppergrass, when the new pastor came into the library and found us all there, squatting on the floor. Reverend Mother looked abashed, with her arms full of books; but Mrs. Crowley—not a bit afraid—handed on to him a spare volume she happened to have in her hand, and asked him to come have a look at the Crowley coat of arms in O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees.*

The book she presented to him was Archbishop Ireland's *The Church and Modern Society,* a book, he told her, to her great joy, for which he had been looking for years. In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled up the skirts of his cassock and was kneeling with us; and in a moment exclaiming with pleasure because he had discovered *Memories of Hawthorne* by Mrs. Rose Lathrop. "Mother Alphonsa," he told our own Reverend Mother as he handed the book to her.

I wish I had time, or half the space again, to tell you all we found, from F. Marion Crawford to Maurice Francis Egan, from Mrs. Hugh Fraser to Agnes Repplier. Reverend Mother added to her trove *Marie of the House D'Anters* and *The Weddings Bells of Glendalough,* by Father Earls; and Mrs. Crowley asked if she could take Father Finn's *The Best Foot Forward* and *Percy Wynn* home for her nephews. The new pastor was fondling in turn Thomas D'Arcy Magee's *Catholic History of North America,* published he told me in 1855 and a grand source book, and, what was evidently the apple of his eye, the *Letter to a Protestant Friend on the Holy Scriptures,* by Demetrius de Gallitzin, published in 1820; clutching them both fast as I handed him Father Morgan Sheedy's *Briefs for Our Times* that I might go on with my reading of T. A. Daly's *Macaroni Ballads.*

"You wouldn't call all those books junk, then, Father?" asked Mrs. Crowley finally.

"Junk?" said the new pastor, "Indeed, no. It's a priceless collection. The whole being of the Church in America is here . . . books that should be as familiar to us as Dickens and Thackeray. We're making fine progress in the present; but these—these books are our very life, our life as Catholics in the United States, our whole growth. See that all these books are kept behind glass doors, Miss Casey," he said. "Put the newer books on the open shelves."

But for a moment, Constance did not hear him. The volume of Mauriac she had ostentatiously picked up when she saw him enter was on the desk unopened. She was deep in Elizabeth Jordan's story of *May Iverson's Career.*

A VETERAN'S NOTE

ONE of the complaints often made is that Catholics will not buy or read books. Other times, other manners, as can be assumed from even a casual look, at the long list of old-time favorites, intended to benefit their readers "morally, spiritually and educationally," that Mr. Hurley cites in his story of how the new pastor tried to bring his flock "to the very forefront of modern Catholic progress."

Their ancestors in the "horse-and-buggy" age had very practical and very decided ideas about the kind of books that were worth buying and keeping. A glance at the advertising pages of the old Catholic weeklies is instructive as to worth-while books that were there exploited. They must have been read, or their publishers would not have offered them for sale, and the volume of the advertising, also is another curious indication of old-time ideas.

Many pleasant recollections of old family home libraries, with their read and re-read favorites, will be conjured up by Mr. Hurley's list. With them will be a sincere wish for the revival of these home libraries and the resurrection, if not all of the old parish library, at least the salvation of its relics to leaven the mass of today's "best sellers."

Those were the days of "homes," before the advent of one room "suites"; or room, bath, kitchenette-grill "apartments." It might be vain to hope for space in such for the once omnipresent literary and didactic delights. THOMAS F. MEEHAN

A PROTESTANT PROTESTS AGAINST PROTESTANT BIGOTRY

Liberal ministers read Catholics out of the human race

DAN W. GILBERT

IN LATE summer, 1928, while living under the pall of a brainstorm of scepticism which, while commonly considered a "normal stage" of adolescence, is really a phenomenon deliberately induced by pagan public high-school miseducation, I made a trip across the nation. In the South, I observed, in its most barbaric forms, the crusade of bigotry and hatred against Catholics occasioned by Alfred E. Smith's candidacy for the presidency of the United States. At that time, my mind harbored the "miseducational" propaganda that Christianity has exerted a degrading influence upon mankind. And the spectacle of leading Protestant ministers spouting venom against fellow Christians, with as little Christian charity as a coiled rattlesnake, simply confirmed me, for the time, in my cynical attitude toward religion.

I proceeded on to New York City, however; and there I witnessed a counterbalancing phenomenon. I had been impressed with the idea that, not Christians, but anti-religious radicals are the real apostles of brotherly love and human kindness. But I was rudely disillusioned when I saw Communists "raiding" Socialist street meetings, spilling the blood and cracking the bones of their "comrades" in the drive for the collectivist utopia. Those were still the days when the "capitalist" police were kept busy keeping Communists from "liquidating" Socialists, and vice versa.

Then and there, I concluded that my teachers' theory was haywire. It was not Christianity which made one set of doctrinaires hate a fellow sect; it was not Christianity which poisoned human relations with bitterness and malignity. It was just human nature! The anti-religious forces, the non-Christian forces, were split into warring factions just as were the Christian elements of our population.

As I look over the contemporary scene, however, I wonder if the budding young adolescent of today, befogged by pagan pedagogical propaganda, could reasonably arrive at the same conclusion. The facts do not seem to justify it. No longer do Communists and Socialists war in our city streets. Instead, they work harmoniously in a united front—on a world-wide scale. Anti-religious radicals of every stripe are bound together in bonds of non-Christian love. Even the unlovely Anarchists, once a malodor to all "scientific" Marxists, are tenderly clasped within the fold. The great international radical brotherhood operates on the basis of one for all, and all for each. An injury to one of the lesser and most unworthy of the comrade brethren is a challenge which calls forth mountain-moving spasms of sacrificial love and devotion on the part of all components of the Red brotherhood.

In contrast to the bonds of undying affection which hold together the radicals of the world, we find a substantial part of Christendom still coiled, like a venomous snake, while striking with a forked tongue at whole multitudes of Christian brethren. This is the general "line," amplified and reechoed on every Sabbath morn, in hundreds of temples of God dedicated to the binding of the world in bonds of Christian love: "What does it matter if some innocent nuns and priests have been cruelly butchered by Anarchist terrorists? They were Catholics, weren't they? And the Catholic Church in Spain is notoriously corrupt; it is a bulwark of reaction. It's too bad that Catholics have to be butchered to make way for 'progress' and 'democracy'. But, after all—they're only getting what is coming to them."

The more genteel of our Protestant "liberals," perhaps, do not state the thesis quite so bluntly. They do not speak so rashly, so thoughtlessly, so emotionally—if they did, they might be less reprehensible. At least, they could be credited with more honesty. But, as it is, they usually hide their malice behind hypocritical effusions of a counterfeit "Christian spirit." They profess great abhorrence for bloodshed. They shrink at the thought of anyone, even a Catholic Sister, having to be ground to death under the juggernaut of "progress" and "democracy." It is so tragic! But no matter how many crocodile tears our "liberal" minister spills over the tragedy of it all, he never fails to shoot his poisoned darts into the hearts of his congregation. He never fails, in the end, to sanctify Bolshevik butchery by claiming that it is "necessary" to clear from the path of "progress" the adherents of a Christian Faith which "is opposed to progress." He never fails to reveal his contempt for fellow Christians by subtly dropping the inference: "What

are the lives of a few priests and nuns compared to the great cause of liberalism and democracy?"

More and more, this attitude is being taken by the "liberal" clergy toward Soviet Russia, as well as toward Spain. Even so-called Christian magazines are filled with the propaganda: "After all, we must not condemn the Communists for their anti-religious persecution. Really, the Communists are not atheists. You see, the Church in Russia, before the Revolution, was so unspeakably corrupt, so ghastly and terrible, that it turned the idealistic Bolsheviks against *all* religion. The Reds loved humanity so much that they came to hate the Church because it oppressed humanity so dreadfully. Indeed, the Reds had so much of the Christ-like spirit that they just could not tolerate a Church which crucified the common people. In stamping out the Church in Russia, the Reds may have been a little bit severe. Maybe they should not have shot quite so many of the priests. But we must not rashly condemn even the excesses of the Communists. Rather, we must try to understand what they suffered under the corrupt Church; we must try to understand the terrible oppression which caused them to become atheists and butchers."

The "liberal" Protestant's attitude toward religious persecution in Mexico is even more hard-headed and hard-hearted. If a radical agitator or a Negro vagrant is outraged in the deep South, the liberal clergy rise in wrath. Every decent American applauds. But the average "liberal" minister has an exceedingly narrow one-track heart. It ends in a blind alley at the Mexican border. It just will not, or can not, reach beyond the Rio Grande. A hundred fellow Christians may be mobbed and massacred in Mexico for the "crime" of preaching Christ. But the ordinary "liberal" Protestant does not get exercised over it at all. Rousing himself long enough to speak a few sentences about mob violence in Mexico, he states: "It's too bad that anyone—even a Catholic priest—has to be tortured that the world may progress. But let us not pass judgment too hastily. Consider the 'background' of the Socialist religious persecution in Mexico. It is just a 'reaction' to the Church's persecution of the common people. It was necessary that the pendulum swing the other way—if Mexico ever was to progress."

As a Protestant, I cannot but view this "new" form of bigotry as the most cancerous growth which has ever taken root in my church. It is a thousand times more dangerous and malignant than the kind embodied in the A. P. A. and the K. K. K. It contains the same inner quality—of contempt for the lives and rights of Catholics, of indifference to their outrage, of specious "justification" of any bestiality done to a human being so long as that human creature is of the Catholic Faith. But, the outward trappings of this new Protestant bigotry are far more deceiving than were those of the old. The K. K. K., primarily, was a "backwoods" movement, rooted in the "white trash" of our people, fed openly by crude appeals to hatred and sadism, nurtured by ignorance and obscurantism. But this new bigotry masquerades as "liberalism." It is espoused by the foremost modern and "modernist" scholars of Protestantism. It is foisted upon the Protestant laity by some of the most renowned pulpit orators and "thinkers" of their faith. Pro-communism (at least so far as Spain, Mexico and Russia are concerned), and its counterpart, anti-Catholicism, are preached from "liberal" pulpits as formulae for achieving international collectivism, peace, love and brotherhood. This new bigotry is sold to the people, not under the brand of what it is; instead, it is palmed off as an attribute of an "enlightened mind"; it is part of the "social gospel" of modern Protestantism.

When a liberal clergyman excuses or extenuates Bolshevik butchery, when he pleads for tolerance and "understanding" of radicals "bent on making a better world," few Protestant laymen understand what he is "up to." They do not perceive that, really, he is preaching intolerance and witch-burning of the worst kind. They do not discern that when he excuses the wanton massacre of Catholics, on the ground that the Catholic Church allegedly is "corrupt," he is, in effect, saying that it is right, under certain conditions, to indulge in murder, if the slaughter is aimed at Catholics. He is putting a lower value on the life of a Catholic than any responsible Ku Kluxer ever dared to.

The "liberal" clergyman weeps bitter tears over Franco's alleged bombing of innocent "loyalists." But he shouts with joy, he heralds a great "advance" for the cause of "humanity" when the Spanish Reds march forward to conquest over the fiendishly slain bodies of innocent Christians. On second thought, he may qualify his "joy" by expressing regret that Catholics had to die in order that the "cause" of human progress might advance. We must remember that, in the light of the Church's "corruptness," the murder of Catholics may be considered hardly more than a misdemeanor. Above all, we must bear in mind that mob-murderers of Catholics are always "friends of democracy" and of the poor. And, besides, the Reds never kill Catholics save in self-defense. All the Reds ask is that Catholics permit themselves to be robbed and outraged. When Catholics refuse to comply with the Reds' most "reasonable" requests, the Reds are left with no alternative; they just have to start a reign of terror in "self-defense."

America, in the past, has demonstrated that it has no use for bigotry which depreciates human life on the basis of creed. Public opinion should not be fooled by old bigotry in new disguises. Unlike the K. K. K. bigotry, which was rooted in the mob-spirit of the lower class Protestant laity, this new variety is the product of the "higher criticism" and "higher scholarship" of the "modernist" ministry. It is the product of radical ecclesiastical politicians who have perverted the pulpit into an agency for Red revolution. Protestant laymen should deal firmly with those illiberal "liberals" who preach the hideous heresy that God-fearing human beings should be read out of the human race because they worship God in a manner displeasing to radicals, Socialists, Anarchists, Communists and "liberal" Protestants.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

"CATHOLIC STANDARD" AGAIN

REMARKS made in this column four weeks ago relative to a standard of training and practice for Catholics in public life were received favorably, with but one or two exceptions. In one instance they were received too favorably, since one of the gentlemen whose differences gave rise to those remarks seems to have featured them as a rebuke to the other party. That, however, was furthest from being my intention.

Leaving out henceforth any personal and local references, I should like to recall this matter, so as to clear up any possible misunderstandings.

The Catholic standard, as thus proposed, lays down a principle that it is definitely not suitable for Catholics to entrust public offices to those of their number who are content with the minimum of knowledge and practice which qualify a man for being entitled a "practical Catholic."

Naturally, it is infinitely better that Catholics in public office have this minimum than no qualifications at all on the score of their religion. In fact, many a Catholic in public office wins my tremendous respect for living up to this minimum. God knows how terrific is the pressure exerted against some to deny the Faith that is in them. When a Catholic politician knows that were he to renounce his Faith, were he to join the Masons or play in with the radicals he would enjoy speedy advancement, yet continues to profess his Faith, to attend Mass on Sunday, to frequent the Sacraments, he is a man of character, and in some cases is a hero. There are doubtless certain regions of the country where this is all that we may expect, if a Catholic is to hold office there at all, since such regions may lack a supply of Catholic candidates who have enjoyed a full training in their religion, and must make the best of a needy situation.

Nevertheless, I believe that the ideal is realizable in the religiously more favored parts of the country. We have enough young Catholic college men now, who can qualify both religiously and politically to make it inexcusable, for the greater part, to send persons to office who fall short of the standard. These qualifications I have proposed as follows:

(1) A man whom Catholics endorse for any public office, whether by election or by appointment, should be first of all, a "practical Catholic" in the minimum sense of the word, that is to say, he should be a man who attends Church regularly, according to his duties, who frequents the Sacraments and lives up to strictly religious obligations.

(2) His children should be educated in Catholic schools throughout their educational career. I am not unaware of the fact, which AMERICA has always been careful to point out, that there may at times be certain unusual circumstances which will justify the Church authorities in permitting a Catholic parent to send his children to a non-Catholic school. If the circumstances exist, and the parent has obtained the required permission, it is not our right to censure him therefor. But while this permission may settle the affair of his private conscience—for all positive laws admit exceptions—it does not add to his qualifications for public office. With the immense and admirable facilities for Catholic school and college education that are now at hand, I believe that Catholics in *public* life should be a living exemplification of a vital public issue, the Catholic policy on Christian education.

(3) The Catholic in public office should obviously set an example of Christian virtues in his private life, as, thank God, most of them do; but he should also set an example of virtues in public life, by the practice of social justice and social charity.

(4) We need for such offices men who are definitely identified with some type of Catholic Action or the lay apostolate. A person might cultivate Catholic Action because he saw therein a road to political advancement. Nothing more repulsive and, in the long run, more ruinous to Catholic Action could be imagined. But I think the danger of such a development is remote at the present time, and can be overcome by training in spiritual motives.

(5) This implies, obviously, men who are thoroughly grounded in the defense of their Faith and in Catholic social teaching. A man in public office should not be content with a mere question-and-answer knowledge of Catholic social teaching. To some extent he should be a "doctor" in those teachings, in the sense that he should be able to stand up in public and expound them lucidly and intelligently, and answer current objections to them and to the Faith that they are grounded upon.

(6) Finally, if he is not to be sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, he should show some zeal for attaining perfection, either through the annual Retreat or other means of spiritual self-improvement.

Is this an unreasonably high standard? Not if we are to grapple with the terrific challenge of atheistic Communism and Fascistic secularism at the present time. They are not considered too high by the men of the National Catholic Alumni Federation; by the men of the Catholic Evidence Guilds; by the near 100,000 annual lay retreatants in the United States; by the young men frequenting our adult study clubs; by the Laymen's League of Georgia, who at their recent twenty-second annual convention urged a united front of all liberty-loving citizens. The world should know that if a Catholic is endorsed in public by his fellow-Catholics, it is because he is an adequately prepared Catholic. Only when that *is* known, will Catholic opinion be respected in this country as it now is not and as it should be.

JOHN LAFARGE

EDITOR

SALUTE HOMER MARTIN!

WHEN Homer Martin marched out of that Pontiac factory at the head of his union subordinates to bring a six-day sit-down strike to an end, he reached a high point in his career. "Unauthorized strikes," said Mr. Martin, "are sheer anarchy." Perhaps what he did has not ended the strike. Perhaps the peace that has fallen on Pontiac is only a lull in the storm. But Mr. Martin did this: he served notice on the union workers that hereafter unauthorized strikes will not be countenanced by the United Automobile Workers. He may be repudiated by the hot-heads and the radicals, but he has shown that he has qualities which fit him for leadership. And that is what organized labor needs today.

We intimate that the strike is not settled, however, because, as Lincoln said, nothing is ever settled until it is settled right. If this armistice is only another of those, "Well, boys, let's forget the past," the industry had better prepare for another strike. As long as the evils of which the workers complain are left unredressed, they will not be forgotten, and they should not be. What is needed at Pontiac today is a complete investigation of the evils which seem almost inherent in these huge industries. Otherwise old wounds will not heal but only fester.

The union leaders are wholly right when they demand that if the union must discipline members who break contracts, the General Motors Corporation must likewise discipline "hard-boiled" foremen who drive the men into infractions of rules. Right here let us serve the notice we have been serving for many years, and remind the capitalistic industries that if they wish to play into the hands of the Communists and other destructive radicals, they have only to continue their policy of coddling their "hard-boiled" foremen. The union complains that grievances presented in form are allowed to pile up, under one pretense or another, until the workers can hardly be blamed when they resent this substantial violation of the contract, and show their resentment by strikes. In the meantime the Communists are at work trying to persuade the workers that both the union and the employers have sold them down the river.

Perhaps the automobile industry is willing to take a chance with the Communists. If so, the automobile industry should be informed by the authorities that it will not be permitted to take that chance. These huge controllers of capital must be taught that they are not free to manage their plants as seems best to them. Every man has a right to hold, as exclusively his own, property which has been honestly acquired, but no man may use his property in a manner which violates the rights of his neighbor, or disturbs the public welfare.

We confess that we do not know how it could be done, and perhaps it would not help matters, were some Governor to call out the militia the next time an industrialist violates a contract. When a striker throws a rock, it is violence, but it is not considered violence when an employer defrauds a worker. The scales are not evenly balanced.

PRICES

WAGES were too low. They are rising. The farms raised crops that were too abundant. They have been curtailed. Hours of labor that were too long have been cut. The gap between wages and commodity prices is widening. The Government is spending more money, and all of us, burdened as we are, must join to keep the Government's purse well lined. Put these facts together, the old and the new, and it is not hard to understand why the cost of living is rising daily. Are we facing another depression? The question will not down, and Congress must consider it.

EQUAL RADIO RIG

WHENEVER he wishes it, the President of the United States can obtain a nation-wide radio hook-up, free of cost, and what he says is subject to no censorship. The same courtesies, with minor exceptions, are extended on request, we understand, to members of the Cabinet and to other high officials of the Government. The theory is that whatever these distinguished persons may say is for the public benefit.

But all are of our race, subject, presumably, to the foibles and fallacies which beset high and low alike. Apart from presumptions, all are politicians, with personal as well as patriotic interests at heart. As a matter of record, in many instances the addresses delivered do not differ greatly from those made by candidates in an earlier day at the cross-roads.

There is no reason why Government officials should not make political speeches over the radio, should they so desire. But serious difficulties attend the practice. Americans who differ from these officials are, as a rule, obliged to buy time to answer them over the radio. Furthermore, what they say is subject to censorship. The Government may attack, but no one may defend; the Government may urge legislation, but no one may question it; the Government may present "official views," but no one may suggest that "official views" are an importation from Nazi Germany—unless he has a well-filled purse, and is willing to allow his answer to be censored.

That is a decidedly unhealthy condition. While the Government cannot control the

TORIALS

PROFESSIONALS

THERE are Southerners in Congress, and there are "professional Southerners." The second class held the floor when Senator Wagner sought to call up the anti-lynching bill. Communists and professional Southerners have two traits in common: bad manners and an incurable propensity to substitute abuse for argument. The junior Senator from Texas gave a brilliant example of both in his filibuster against the bill. Free speech reigns in the Senate, and for that we are thankful. But cannot the intelligent South check its representatives who are neither intelligent nor mannerly?

DIO RIGHTS FOR ALL

press, unless it first destroys the Constitution, it can control the radio without even bothering about an Act passed by a submissive Congress. But the radio is daily becoming more and more a means by which views can be quickly reported to the whole country. Within a few years, it will approach, perhaps equal, the press as a means of communication of thought. It does not seem exactly the American way to put this means of communication at the disposal of the Government, while closing it to critics of the Government. The present Administration may be composed exclusively of Archangels, but the next may be managed exclusively by fallen angels.

A radio company is obliged to petition the Government every six months for renewal of its license. Hence, it is not likely to open its arms, without discrimination between the Administration's friends and foes. The only remedy seems to be action by Congress.

We suggest legislation providing that every Government address over the radio be supplemented with an address by an opponent of the Government. There would be no censorship, and the costs would be paid by the Government. In a Republican Administration, the speaker could be appointed either by a joint Congressional caucus, or by the chairman, Mr. Farley, for example, of the National Committee. Once the principle of equal rights for all over the radio is accepted, details can be worked out easily. At present, the principle is rejected, and free political debate is closed.

THE BISHOPS' LETTER

TWO countries in Europe present vivid examples of the ruin which overwhelms fundamental human rights when the state wars on religion. We who live under a Government, State and Federal, which is prohibited by its fundamental law from invading man's right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of his conscience, and to hold as his own, property honestly acquired, find it hard to understand how regimes which set all human rights at naught could have been set up in Germany and in Spain. The truth is that these tyrannies did not spring up over night, but only after years of preparation by the enemies of human liberty. In that truth, we can find a warning for our own country.

For it must be remembered that neither in Spain nor in Germany did the monsters who now control the state make their appeal as destroyers of liberty. On the contrary, liberty was and is their constant theme. As the American Bishops observe in their Letter to the Hierarchy in Spain, issued on November 20, even at this moment the very men who have desecrated Spain appeal to the world in the name of "liberty" for all. "Tragic are the true facts of the religious persecution in Spain," write the Bishops, "by men who before the world sought to appear in the role of vindicators of human rights."

Even more tragic, perhaps, is it that many Americans, misled by a press either incompetent or sold to an alien propaganda, still believe that the Communist-controlled groups in Spain may rightly claim the honors which belong to unselfish protagonists of human liberty. Only now is the American public beginning to learn, as the Bishops point out, that in Spain "ten Bishops, thousands of priests and Religious, and tens of thousands of laymen have been put to death, often with unspeakable cruelty, because they were active in teaching the world to promote the works of the Gospel." The Letter to the Spanish Hierarchy states the true case exactly when the confidence is expressed that the persecuted Spanish Bishops will continue to fight with unabated zeal against "the tide of atheism translated into social language, and disguised with a diabolical ingenuity."

Not less impressive is the Letter of the Bishops to the Hierarchy in Germany. "In this your hour of sorrow and trial, we, your brother Bishops of the United States, pledge you and your persecuted people our unceasing prayers." Both in Spain and in Germany, the forces of evil are triumphant, although in Spain they are, happily, growing weaker. Yet in some respects the persecution in Germany is more severe than in the Peninsula. The attack in Spain was direct and bloody. In Germany, it is indirect, insidious, ceaseless, and all the more destructive because much of it is directed against the Catholic school. In our judgment, religious persecution which works in this manner is apt to be more fatal than the persecution which drags its victims to the scaffold. That may yet be added in

Germany, since the repressive measures adopted against the Church are increasing in violence.

But whatever the means adopted, the end of all persecutors from the mob which crucified Our Lord down to Hitler and his cohorts is the same. As the Bishops write:

> The sense of all religious-minded men and women throughout the world is outraged by the satanic resourcefulness of these leaders of modern paganism and by the incredible excesses committed by them in their attempt to exterminate religion and to blot out from the minds of the German people all true knowledge and love of God. In the words of Pope Pius XI their "machinations from the beginning had no other aim than a war of extermination."

Sad as is the lot of the Bishops and people in Spain and Germany, we do not for a moment believe that the Church will be conquered in either country. In His own good time God will make known His will, and the plots of the evil will be frustrated. We pray for the coming of that day of release, but scarcely less important is it for us to scrutinize conditions at home. If we look on with indifference as Communists spread their destructive doctrines and politicians break down the strong walls of the American Constitution, what shall prevent the extension to this country of the atheistic totalitarian State which has destroyed religious and civil liberty in Spain and Germany?

A. F. L. AND N. L. R. B.

IN his letter of November 23 to Chairman Mary Norton of the House Committee on Labor, President Green filed in behalf of the American Federation of Labor the strongest indictment of the National Labor Relations Board which has yet been presented. Mr. Green asserts that the Board has "disrupted tried and tested principles of collective bargaining," that it has "impaired and destroyed rights of contract and of property," that it has "brought turmoil into industrial relations," that it "has jeopardized industrial freedom and initiative," and, finally, that it "has usurped the prerogatives of the courts essential to our form of government." Mr. Green concludes that it will not be safe to entrust the determination of wages and hours to a Board of this character.

We believe that Mr. Green's indictment must be sustained on every point. Had we wished the Board to fail, we should have applauded its every error; but because we hoped that it would foster harmony between capital and labor, we have never hesitated to criticize when we thought its decisions were wrong. It is now becoming apparent that the Board under its present control, while gaining some advantage for some labor groups, is doing organized labor more harm than good.

The weakest division of the Board is found in its trial examiners who, as Mr. Green complains, "usurp the prerogatives of the courts." Whether this usurpation is due to ignorance of the rules of evidence, or to that inflation of the *ego* which seems to afflict every Federal official in these days, we do not undertake to say. But we fully agree with Mr. Green that labor will get the hot end of the stick should wages and hours be entrusted to this or any similar Washington board.

THE HERALD

HERALD of the Messias, John the Baptist is among the most striking figures in the pages of the Gospel. Sanctified before his birth, he prepared himself from his youth for the sublime mission of making men ready for the coming of the Saviour. He had gathered about him a band of disciples whom he instructed in the Scriptures, especially those which foretold the coming of the Messias, "the Anointed One," and he strove to form in them the spirit of prayer and humility. It is fitting, then, that the Church should turn our attention to this great Saint on three of the four Sundays of Advent.

The Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xi, 2—10) has two parts. In the first we hear how the Saint, then in prison because of his brave denunciation of the unlawful marriage of King Herod, sent two of his disciples to interrogate Jesus about His mission. In the second, we hear Our Lord's beautiful panegyric of the Baptist, "the Angel" sent to make ready the way for the coming of the Messias.

It must not be thought that the disciples were sent to Jesus because the Baptist entertained any doubts about Our Lord or His mission. The Baptist's plain testimony, given at the very outset of Our Lord's ministry, as recorded in the first chapter of Saint John, makes that supposition untenable. His purpose was to bring these disciples before Our Lord that they might look on Him, and from His sacred lips receive the testimony of His Messianic character. Hence, in answer to their question: "Art thou he that art to come, or do we look for another?" Our Lord refers to the miracles He had done, and to His preaching of the Gospel to the poor. Both from the text of our present Gospel and from parallel passages in Saint Luke (vii, 17—18, 21) it is clear that the two disciples either personally saw some of these miracles, or heard of them from qualified witnesses.

As the disciples went away, strengthened for their work by this interview with Our Lord, Jesus began His praise of John the Baptist. He was not "a reed shaken by the wind," but a fearless witness to the truth; not a man of soft life, but a great penitent; a prophet, indeed, but more than a prophet. "For this is he of whom it is written: Behold I send my Angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee." These words, honorable as they were to the Baptist, were really Our Lord's testimony to His mission as the Messias. If John is the precursor foretold in Scripture, then He Who follows is in truth the Messias.

John in his prison will teach us how to prepare our souls to know and welcome the Messias. Eyes that are closed by pride cannot see Him, and ears that are sealed by self-indulgence cannot hear His voice. The Baptist's is a strong message of self-denial and of humility. Let us take it to heart in these days which precede the coming of Christ.

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. The Senate filibuster against the Anti-Lynching Bill ended, to make way for consideration of a farm program. The Agricultural Committee prepared a Farm Bill which provides for greater Federal control over the marketing and production of wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco and rice than was ever reported out by any previous Agricultural Committee. The bill bore a close resemblance to the invalidated Agricultural Adjustment Act, and will, if enacted, add huge sums to the budget total. Estimates of the increased spending ran from $250,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. The Government's present farm outlay is $500,000,000. If $250,000,000 is added, the Administration's farm program will equal the entire cost of Government just before the World War. Senator Smith, chairman of the committee, assailed the principle of controlled production at a time when many citizens have not sufficient food or clothing. Neither his committee nor the bill's sponsor could estimate its cost, he revealed. . . . The movement to check the decline in trade by extending aid to business gained strength in both House and Senate. Demands for revision of taxes on capital gains and undistributed corporate income were becoming more vociferous. The Ways and Means Subcommittee on Taxation agreed on modifications of the undistributed profits tax, may submit tax-reform legislation to the House by January 15. . . . The House Rules Committee refused to vote out the Wages and Hours Bill already passed by the Senate. Senator Bailey declared only the States have the right to regulate wages and hours in their territory. The bill "will tend to break down the whole Republic. President Roosevelt said this when he was Governor of New York . . . the basis of American life is local self-government, not Federal control." He declared the workers would be the first to suffer if the Administration's Wages and Hours Bill passes.

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AT HOME. William Green, A. F. of L. president, demanded that the Black-Connery Wages and Hours Bill be revamped. The National Labor Relations Board has been a handicap to the Federation; it wants no more Boards like that, he declared. John L. Lewis urged immediate adoption of the bill. . . . Lieut. Col. Somervell, WPA Administrator in New York, admitted his attempt to eliminate job-dodgers was prevented by Federal authorities in Washington. . . . Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops of the American Hierarchy, convened in Washington for their three-day annual meeting. "Promiscuous and unwise use of intoxicating liquors in the United States, particularly by girls," was condemned by the Bishops, as were immoral motion pictures and lascivious floor shows. The Bishops scored the Spanish Reds, the Reich Nazis, expressed sympathy with the maligned Spanish Hierarchy, with the suffering Catholics in Leftist Spain and Hitler's Germany. . . . Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, stated he was advised by the Holy See to declare that "corrections made by the Archbishop of Detroit to the remarks of Father Charles E. Coughlin published on October 6 were just and timely." . . . Governors of six New England States demanded changes in the Roosevelt tax and tariff policies. . . . Another attempt by private citizens to question Justice Black's right to his seat was rejected by the Supreme Court. . . . More than 200 auto workers staged a sit-down strike in the Fisher Body plant at Pontiac, Mich., refused for five days to listen to their own union leaders and abandon the unauthorized strike. Finally, a dramatic, ninety-minute talk by Homer Martin, president of the UAWA, won them. They walked out behind him. . . . Sit-downers occupied Goodyear plants in Akron, Ohio, for twenty-four hours.

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AFFAIRS OF STATE. Formal announcement was issued of negotiations looking to a most-favored-nation reciprocal trade agreement between Great Britain and the United States. . . . A new reciprocal treaty will also be negotiated with Canada. . . . The treaty with Great Britain will be unconditional, that with Canada restricted in character. . . . Senators Vandenberg and Lewis demanded from the State Department explanation of the reported mission of William C. Bullitt, Ambassador to France, to Poland, to advise that nation against joining the anti-Communist pact of Germany, Italy and Japan. Secretary Hull said that Mr. Bullitt's trip to Warsaw was personal and social, that the anti-Communist pact was not mentioned when Mr. Bullitt called at the Polish Foreign Office. . . . A survey in Washington indicated the United States is not interested in the dominion status for the Philippines, hinted at by President Quezon. Unconditional independence for the Islands is finished business, the survey revealed.

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WASHINGTON. On his birthday, November 22, Vice-President Garner thought he was sixty-eight. Shown a directory indicating he was sixty-nine, he remarked: "By golly, I can't keep up with those things." Congratulations from all sides of the chamber greeted him as he called the Senate to order. He dropped the gavel, slipped out of the chamber, embarrassed. . . . Over the radio, Senator Vandenberg urged modifications of the Administration's policies in order to end the present business recession. A long series of statutes and epithets against business have aroused class hatreds, instilled fear,

he declared. Business cannot progress as long as the President has the power to change the value of money overnight, he maintained. . . . Senator Burke predicted another Administration attack on the Supreme Court. . . . W. O. Douglas, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, warned stock exchanges to adopt stricter self-regulation or face more Governmental restrictions. . . . Following President Roosevelt's request, the Federal Trade Commission commenced investigation of the increasing cost of living. Living costs are now about fourteen per cent higher than they were in June, 1933. Administration policies contributed largely to the rise, observers believed. The Administration devalued the dollar, restricted farm production, in order to raise prices. Its spending program increased taxes, raised prices. . . . Representative Treadway, of Massachusetts, declared he thought it would be better if income taxes were substituted for all other taxes, with the tax base broadened. People who now pay hidden taxes, would then know how much the Government was costing them, he believed.

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THE PRESIDENT. Wendell L. Wilkie, utilities mogul, called at the White House, as did Frank R. McNinch, Federal Power Commission chairman. The two sat down with the President, discussed the possibility of a $1,500,000,000 building program by private utilities to check the recession. . . . James Roosevelt called Congressional leaders to the White House, revealed to them details of a private housing campaign, also designed to halt the business decline. . . . In a series of week-end activities, the President strove to limit the special session to his legislation, postpone the revision of taxes to aid business until the regular session in January. . . . The President ordered the Federal Trade Commission to ascertain if "monopolistic practices" were responsible for the sharp rise in the cost of living.

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JAPAN-CHINA. Nipponese troops continued cracking Chinese lines west of Shanghai. Soochow, keypoint of the Chinese "Hindenburg line," fell into their hands. The flag of the Rising Sun crept constantly further inward. Evacuation of Nanking, Chinese capital, grew more rapid. Only a few major government officials were left. Foreign envoys were departing for Hankow up the Yangtze River. Fifty Soviet-made fighting planes flew from Russia to China, to aid in the defense of Nanking. Over Nanking flew a Japanese plane. From it dropped a parachute carrying a letter to General Chiang Kai-shek asking Chinese surrender. . . . As Japanese legions pushed on closer and closer, Chinese in Nanking realized they could not remove the body of Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese republic. The Sun Yat-sen tomb would have to be blasted, so thick are the layers of marble and concrete above the coffin. . . . Conqueror, Japan demanded all the rights China possessed in the foreign areas of Shanghai. Japanese territorial aims were being revised upwards, following her numerous victories, reports said.

SPAIN. General Franco, answering the London Non-Intervention Committee letter, agreed to the withdrawal of foreign volunteers from both sides in the Spanish conflict. The committee will appoint a commission to supervise withdrawal. Belligerent rights will be accorded the Franco Government after a certain number of volunteers have been withdrawn. . . . Nationalist reports indicated political strife in the Barcelona Leftist regime. . . . Spanish Red aviators flew over French territory and bombed open Nationalist towns.

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GREAT BRITAIN. British business was flourishing —the best in eight years. . . . London expected a better political understanding with the United States as a reward for negotiating the Anglo-American trade pact. . . . Lord Halifax, Lord President of the Council, returned from his talk with Hitler in Berlin, cloaked the conversations with deepest mystery. Sources close to official circles described the trip as failing in its object—an Anglo-German agreement. Hilter is reported to have intimated he would not use force on Czechoslovakia and Austria, but would not tolerate interference with his agitations in those countries.

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FOOTNOTES. Chancelor Adolf Hitler declared Germany must become "a great empire," like Britain, France, Russia, but that he would postpone his demands for colonies for five or six years. Concerning the Anglo-American trade pact, German opinion inclined to the view Britain hoped to draw America further within her sphere of influence. . . . Count of Paris, son of the Duke of Guise, pretender to the French throne, was ousted from Switzerland, following a secret meeting with 700 *Accion Française* followers. From Belgium, the Duke of Guise issued a manifesto appealing to the French people to restore the monarchy. French police raids on a secret society, *Les Cagoulards* (Hooded Ones), show it to be composed of royalists plotting to overthrow the Republic, according to Paris authorities. Foes of the Leftist regime declared the Government was exaggerating the danger of the situation to hold the Popular Front together and to injure the Rightists. . . . Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini possessed Christian virtues in "an heroic degree," a Papal decree declared. A Spanish lay Franciscan, Salvador de Orta, was raised by another decree to the status of sainthood. . . . Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, of the House of Savoy, was appointed Viceroy of Ethiopia. . . . Seven Bishops, other clergymen, were thrown into jail in various parts of Russia. . . . The new Brazilian Constitution, proclaimed by President Getulio Vargas, centralizes power in the Executive, diminishes the power of the twenty States. The Parliament can re-vote a law declared invalid by the Supreme Court. . . . Inland Bolivia will export her oil through Argentina, according to an agreement between the two nations. . . . Yellow and black Hapsburg flags fluttered throughout Austria on the twenty-fifth birthday of Archduke Otto, claimant to the Austrian throne.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIVING DEATH

EDITOR: Under *Comment* in a recent issue of AMERICA (November 13) you discussed Channing Pollock's article entitled *Death Begins at Forty.*

My interest is due to the fact that I am one of those living dead—only my demise occurred at the ripe, old age of thirty-five, when I chanced to lose my position because my firm gave up its New York offices. Since then, for well-nigh four years, I have been undergoing the slow-but-sure form of modern torture devised by our ultra-civilized twentieth-century savages who, ignoring that all men are children of the same Heavenly Father, crush the spirits and tear out the hearts of their helpless brethren by denying them the right to obey the Divine command that all earn their daily bread—solely because, according to their warped judgment, men and women in the prime of life have outlived their usefulness.

In my particular class of work the dead-line is thirty years, when it's a case of "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here." I am a stenographer and, in all humility I can say, a good one, but no mere ability will offset this age stigma. In appearance I do not resemble Methuselah, but as far as permanent employment possibilities are concerned I am just that. With no intent to blasphemy, one finally is forced to the conclusion that even constant storming of Heaven for work by prayer is of no avail in the face of this man-made barrier. "They shall not pass!" is the relentless cry hurled at that vast army today following Christ along the never-ending *Via Crucis* that leads from one employment agency to another.

I am submitting this as additional evidence of another actual case confirming the deplorable facts you have, alas, only too truly stated.

New York, N. Y. A SECRETARY

GEORGISM VS COMMUNISM

EDITOR: Since your publication is open to purchase by non-Catholics, it seems to me that a non-Catholic may write you as to his re-action to statements made. I therefore take the liberty to differ with the opinion expressed by the reviewer of the book just published, *Rebel, Priest and Prophet,* a biography of Dr. Edward McGlynn.

It seems to me that the very issue containing the review of this book backs up my dissent. From your Review I gather that you are opposed to the growth of Communism. Therefore I ask: Who were the two greatest opponents of Communism in the United States? Were they not Henry George and Dr. McGlynn? Is not the philosophy of Henry George the very opposite of Communism and in truth the very essence of Christianity? Was not Dr. McGlynn a true prophet when at a meeting of Michael Davitt, in 1882, he made the following statement so true in 1937:

> And if in this country we do not as yet feel quite so much the terrible struggle between Progress and Poverty as is felt in other lands, no thanks are due at all to our political system, but thanks only to the bounties of nature and to the millions of acres of virgin lands with which God has blessed us. But when these virgin lands shall have been occupied, when the population shall have increased here as it has elsewhere in proportion to our extent of territory, we shall have precisely the same problem to solve, and the sooner we solve it the better.

I mentally thumb through the pages of history. I stop at the accession of Louis XVI of France in 1774. The Physiocrat, Turgot, is appointed Comptroller-General of France. He promulgates wise laws and is opposed by the nobility and the clergy. Had the clergy then understood Turgot, there would have been no French Revolution.

If the Catholic Church in America will understand Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, Communism need not take root. Events move fast. There is yet time for the Catholic Church to espouse the Georgist cause and save America.

New York, N. Y. H. ELLENOFF

MARXIST STRATEGY

EDITOR: Stalin is a past master of deception. The latest one is "Russia, a new type of democratic republic." The strange part is that the ruse seems to be working. The daily newspapers seem to swallow it whole and, although they do not say so in so many words, there is implied that the four great democracies left in this crazy world are the United States, Britain, France and the Soviet Union.

If this were all, it would be bad enough. But this is not all. The Comintern hopes with this slogan to get their four horsemen into a world bowl with Fascism and fight it out to a finish. And there is no man living who can say with certainty (unless he has prophetic vision) that the Comintern has overshot the mark.

The Comintern strategy of professing to stand merely for economic and social reconstruction is also alarming. Every right thinking man does. Therefore the Communist plays the part of the good Samaritan in the eyes of many and with this for a cloak he invades schoolroom and pulpit. Catholics and Communists should stand together, the Comintern would have us believe, because they are one in their ideals of alleviating human misery. What unconscionable deception! And yet it works.

What are we doing individually to combat the spirit of anti-God which is abroad? Perhaps never

in the history of the world has there been such a determined effort on the part of Satan to win the souls of men. Communism is his means. Communism is not merely a remedy for social injustices; it is a philosophy which bases its rule of life on atheism—ostracizing God from His own universe. Communism regards the Pope as its arch-enemy. We must know the Encyclicals of Popes Leo and Pius so that we can refute the errors of Communism as a social remedy. We must know the real philosophy of Communism so that we can the better defend the position of Christ in the world. Lastly we must not forget the advice given us by Pius XI. We must have an intensification of prayer joined to Christian penance. As in Our Lord's day an evil spirit would not leave a demoniac except by prayer and penance, so too today, "the evil which torments humanity can be conquered only by a world-wide crusade of prayer and penance." Our Mother Mary must be implored as "the Help of Christians."

Detroit, Mich. ERWIN A. LEFEBVRE

TELL IT TO MORGENTHAU

EDITOR: "How do you explain the fact that Catholic economists accept the Communist analysis of the present economic system?"

"We don't accept your analysis. You accept ours. We were before you."

The question was put to the national lecturer of the Knights of Columbus in the fight against Communism, and the answer is his answer.

Catholics cannot accept the socialistic analysis of the present economic system and expect to get anywhere either in limiting the evil of Communism or in improving the condition of the workers under the system of private ownership of capital. The labor Encyclicals do not condemn the present economic system; they point out the evils in it. Socialists and Communists condemn the entire system.

But all Catholic economists refer to our present system as the "profit system," and they would have production for use at a profit. They think that industry is conducted at a profit by means of the exploitation of labor.

Yet there can be no general exploitation of labor. If an employer pays a workman ten dollars a week, neither he nor all other employers combined can get back from that workman more than the ten dollars he received as wages. And if all employers paid to 100,000,000 workers ten dollars a week, the whole pack of employers could not get back from the workers, as consumers, one dollar more than they paid out for the production of commodities. Thus there cannot be any exploitation of the workers, either on the job or in the price charged for commodities.

True, there is a form of profit, and that is interest. It is the interest charge contained in the entire capital equipment of the country that represents our annual charge for interest and not merely the total annual premium paid to our bankers and other lenders of money.

If the total value of capital equipment in the United States were $300,000,000,000, a five-per-cent rate of interest would give the capitalists an annual income of $15,000,000,000. And capitalists cannot use that amount of income. The surplus is useless to them and they have to give it to the Government in exchange for worthless bonds. There is not room in the economic field for any more profit than that from interest on capital equipment.

If the rate of interest were reduced to three per cent on construction loans, capitalists would then get $9,000,000,000 a year as income. Then the other $6,000,000,000 would go to the workers and they would have this added amount of purchasing power over the goods that the capitalists cannot use. We would then tend to continuity of employment and would be on the way towards a living wage for all.

Providence, R. I. M. P. CONNERY

JAMAICA FIRE

EDITOR: On Saturday October 23, the entire plant: school, convent and academy of the Franciscan Sisters of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., was completely destroyed by fire. The Sisters are in a tragic plight with the destruction of the chapel, convent and schools.

The Pro Parvulis Book Club, Suite 1219, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y. is acting as an agent to collect funds for the distressed Sisters. If desired, checks or money orders may be sent direct to Rev. Mother Alacoque, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. The cause is a very worthy one as the Sisters, who had precious little before, have nothing now, and are suffering. The modest result of years of privation during which one cross after another was taken with a real American Catholic smile is now in ashes. The prayers of these saintly souls will bless the donors.

THE PRO PARVULIS BOOK CLUB

New York, N. Y.

CAUTIOUS REVIEWER

EDITOR: And so we want Catholic novels? And so we give them tepid reviews like the one AMERICA accorded (November 13) to S. M. C.'s *Brother Petroc's Return!*

It seems to me that if your reviewer had deliberately tried to do so, he could not have more successfully concealed from the average reader the fact that this is a singularly beautiful and vastly exciting Catholic novel. Here is the story so fresh and so fragile, so lovely and so exalting, it makes *Lost Horizon* seem a pale piece of writing by comparison. And yet your reviewer hedges with limitations, qualifications and cautious and ambiguous broodings.

What do we have to do to have a Catholic novel heralded in this country? Must we wait for Woollcott or some other commentator to discover this author and make the book a best-seller?

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. EMMET LAVERY

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A PLEA FOR THE IMAGINATION AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR

HUGH McCARRON, S.J.

MY PLAIN duty (the Literary Editor of AMERICA has asked me to write a paper for his column) is to write a preliminary paper on imagination. All agree that literature is imaginative, whatever that last means. So how can we discuss literature without first agreeing on the function of the imagination? Is the imagination a wayward and deceiving, albeit pleasing, child, or is it perhaps, if developed, the great maturing power of the mind? Literature, to my mind, would not be worth a solitary bean, if it were not concerned with truth and practical truth at that, such truth as causes those who feed on it to grow. This article therefore is a challenge. What think you of the imagination of man? And can it be educated to good purpose? If so, how shall we begin?

Twice recently I have listened to educators as they discussed ability and achievement tests of one form or another. On both occasions there was general agreement among those who had tried certain forms of these tests that they were surprisingly trustworthy. That is, if the entering Freshman registered A, B or C in general ability, his outgoing marks in Senior would read a corresponding (relative) A, B or C. One teacher of experience remarked: "It would seem that an individual is endowed with a certain native genius and capacity for work and will usually remain all his life within a range limited and fixed at birth." But look at that last word: "at birth." Has that statement been proved or simply assumed?

"Is it the parents who make the difference or the education?" that very "modern" author, Euripides makes poor old Hecuba ask, as a following question just after she has posed one of the most staggering assumptions in all literature to the effect that the wretch remains always a wretch and the worthy man worthy, no matter what rain or sunshine each encounters. Euripides dabbled so much in learned speculation of the sort Gorgias dished up, he might readily forget for a minute the plain human facts of choice and change. But let us tackle the question: Is it the parents who make the difference? Or is the difference due to training?

We cannot expect a certain answer but what are some of the probabilities? I will hazard: (1) The parents make the difference but not (at least the plea is "not proven") so much "at birth" of the child as in all that time which remains from birth through the period of home environment. No educators have the opportunities of the home or ever will have, in no matter what glazed-glass children's bureau of the future. (2) I would offer, from experience, such as it is, in teaching, that something can be done in schools, even when the student is in the late 'teens or twenties, to change the iron mold, if, and only if, there is given such training, such pabulum, as will cause the imagination to expand. Plenty of care, it seems, is taken of every other faculty.

We have neglected the training of the imagination as an illusory and dangerous faculty. We left it to nurses. Whereas the development of the imagination produces a realistic attitude. And realism we have left to the extreme Left, to be distorted thereby, because we have regarded it as an attitude not quite nice, whereas realism alone will lead to truth. And the truth of experience fits with the truth of Faith, with Christian revelation, as wheel with wheel, cog after cog, and with no other prophecy. Everything stated in the Scriptures by way of illustration and parable gives support to this idea. It was the custom of Our Lord invariably to appeal to the experience of His listeners.

The imagination, I affirm, is realistic in the truest sense of that word. I have known a few poets. They differed from the rest of us only in this, that the rest of us are not as observant nor as honest. They varied but they agreed in this trait, that they looked out from the windows of their eyes. They were plain people. Plain people are generally regarded in this world, I admit, as peculiar. Now the subjectivist critique of the Romantic movement in literature has affected badly all our judgments on the nature of the imagination. It is thought of as to some degree fanciful and pretty, or as a means of escape from reality, or as a power of mental creation from nothing real, an imposition of the mind upon matter. This is all un-Christian. Truly the imagination depends humbly on the senses. It

is a power of ascertaining truth. And note that, if the senses or the imagination stray, the mind will necessarily in its subsequent operations wander, deviate and err. Further, the intellect and imagination always cooperate in one way or another. In viewing things, in the inspection of "real" truth, I mean of things in the round as they exist with all their perfections and imperfections on their heads, the imaging power cooperates more fully than in the processes of abstraction, where the intellect, with the scientific renunciation of an Aristotle, shuts the window on the world outside and considers in its laboratory just isolated qualities of the specimens, of one kind or another, previously collected.

The imagination is capable of growth. Children have not the imagination of grown-ups, "other things being equal," as the wise distinguisher says to protect himself. Children need toys, they can only play train with a box on wheels. Grown-ups can sail the seven seas with nothing but a pipe. If I remember rightly, one editor of a "pulp" magazine confessed in *The Saturday Review of Literature* not long ago that his grown-up children readers, while they possessed much technical knowledge of gun-calibre and wounds, were all distinguished by the lack of developed imaginative ability. The author must picture for them, not suggest, every drop of gore. And Shakespeare the youth did not write ***Macbeth***. We have all suffered from the late infantilism of persons, sometimes gifted with finely trained logical powers, but with atrophied imaginations. Did you ever notice that by a paradox they are swayed more by emotion in their views than the imaginative man? If teachers and schools would really train in growth the imaginations of their students, we would be spared in some measure even such various ills affecting our common humanity as the cocksureness which marks unimaginative thinking, the self-absorption which grows blind to all grievances save its own, the pious self-worship such as would make God a conforming planet in its own solar system, the pigheadedness that makes of the killing of men a commercial transaction. All these sins or aberrations, ordinary enough at that, seem to thrive in the dark when the imagination is shut, that plain glass window whereby we see other people, other things. The vitamin the sunshine gives is wanting. Or let us consider the imagination as an organ in the human frame. It is important that this organism "grow up" along with one's other faculties. Instead the poor thing is often allowed to wither and fade, if it becomes not positively enfeebled from poor nourishment.

Yet the necessity of a developed imagination for philosopher, mathematician, builder, statesman, is obvious. Did Plato or Aristotle or Saint Thomas have no imagination? Is Einstein or Millikan without it? Did the pioneer missionaries of America, who built great barns of churches in country sides and started colleges on nothing a year, fail in imagination? Is Salazar, or was Bruening or Dölfuss unimaginative? Reader: "Tut, tut, stop this rhetoric, man. This flow of eloquence ill becomes your turgid style."

Oh, but imagination is dangerous! Not so dangerous as will and intellect. But, I grant you, it is dangerous in fallen man. All the more reason for feeding it good food and causing it to grow healthy and strong. What are we but bundles of sticks of danger anyhow? But no Christian claims *that* is a reason for ceasing to live and to grow, much less for wanting to do so.

A developed imagination leads to the habit of the open eye, the single eye, doubtful at first, slow and pondering. I might say it leads to an honest materialism. And it is high time we Christians reconverted materialism to the service of Christ. A little more honest materialism in Christian education and training would bring us to a greater insistence on the necessity of Grace. It is high time we departed definitely from the Protestant naturalizing of Christian education. By naturalizing I mean a false interpretation of nature and of mankind; of mankind by the emphasis on "natural character," which incidentally sometimes wealth and position are supposed to confer on nature, shown in the treatment of literature as a body of Tennysonian epithet, a sweet illusion, an escape from life. Use of the imagination should take us out of ourselves in the better sense of the phrase. It should lead, if led by Christianity, not to an expending of ourselves in pursuit of creatures, but to contemplation, wonder, a childlike open-mindedness, and thereby help to humbleness, which is the beginning of all wisdom.

How train the imagination? First, by inducing the child to look at, to become acquainted with, things. Every teacher of literature has noticed the difficulty I will outline briefly as follows. Literature, distinguished from the abstract sciences, is concerned immediately with things, complete things, people and other objects as they really exist, are seen and known. Literature, moreover, constantly uses metaphor, simile, comparison of all sorts, contrast. It seizes upon various relationships of things. The fundamental objects of earthly life, such as water and boats and fowl, earth and stones and wood, animals and buildings, sky, wind, light, it will recur to and appeal to for testimony again and again. If this is the language of books, how interest in books a lad from an artificial environment in which he has never looked at things, has always approached reality second-hand?

Secondly, in the matter of reading itself, we must so form the undergraduate, or rather assist him so to form himself, that, as a graduate, he will continue to read books. If we are to do this we must interest him in what the books say. He must learn early to consider literature as a story of the race, written from the inside as it were by those who have had the most vivid and valuable experiences.

In other words we teachers must not forget that we are called on to train, not only the body in sports, the intellect in reasoning, the will in devotion to God in its choice and desire, the tongue and pen in composition and expression, but also the poor neglected imagination. And surely literature is food for the imagination of man.

BOOKS

FOR CHILDREN ONLY; GROWN-UPS PLEASE SKIP!

THIS year it would seem as though all the publishers have vied with one another in issuing a great number of really good children's books. We do not mean to say that this year's crop are all to be classified among the really great books, for after all is said, the great books can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But there is a large selection to be chosen from, which should suit the particular tastes of every child.

If something like a Pulitzer Prize were offered for the best picture-story book of the year, we venture to say that the Pro Parvulis Club would win it with *Taking Down the Crib*, by Francis X. Downey, S.J. The story is so real, so natural that it is irresistible. It is simply too surprising and unique to spoil by attempting to describe it here. And the illustrations, drawn by Victor Dowling, are so actual that they almost tell the story. One glance at the book will be quite enough to sell it to anyone.

It is natural enough that we should begin with picture books. We must say that we liked *Noodle* (Stokes), by Munro Leaf and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans. And the reason for our preference is not hard to seek. Have you ever owned a little dachshund? We of AMERICA know what such a dog can do to one's heartstrings. Now, this is a dog fairytale, with a fairy dog and everything. Children will delight in the pictorial tricks of printing that help to illustrate the book. And it has a moral, too, which is "always be contented with your lot." *Tooky* (Longmans), by Berta and Elmer Hader, is the story of the cutest baby seal that one could ever want to see, and the pictures tell the story. Any little boy or girl, who likes kittens, cannot afford to overlook *Sam* (Stackpole), by Edward Quigley and John Crawford. In fact youngsters will just adore this book. It consists of a series of real photographs of a kitten, which are so realistic that you almost feel like petting Sam. There is enough text, too, to make it just a little more than a mere picture book.

Any little girl who gets up in the morning so early that the moon is still up deserves to have a wonderful time at the circus. But imagine having breakfast with the clowns! And that is why *Breakfast with the Clowns* (Viking), by Rosalie Slocum, is such an adventurous story. *The Stage-Struck Seal* (Holt), by James Hull, is a story for young people from six to ten years. It tells about Eleanor, a pet elephant, who cost Violet and her brother, Danny, $3.77 (it must have been bargain day) and about Prudence, the performing seal, who belonged to Mr. Kingle. How Eleanor and Prudence stole the show makes rather interesting reading. There are almost too many incidents—which makes the story a little complicated. However, children will enjoy it thoroughly.

There is no use trying to analyze one's tastes. Some children like spinach and others ice cream. Now, in *Mr. Pumps, the Popsicle Man* (Dutton), by Eleanore Hubbard Wilson, all the children in the neighborhood where Mr. Pumps sold his wares just loved his popsicles. But as for Mr. Pumps himself, well—Tony, the hot-dog vendor, knew a thing or two. Young folks will have a great laugh over this story. *The Famous Jimmy* (Dutton), by Enid Blyton, tells the story of Jimmy, the rascal, who was a very smart little duck. In fact you have only to take a look at his eye, as illustrated on the front cover, to know that he is smart. But, oh the pack of troubles he got into! Daisy, the cow, and Billy, the goat, predicted that he would come to a bad end. But Jimmy was smart, we said.

Now here is a book that is going to be a general favorite. It is called *Ezekiel* (Holt), by Elvira Garner. Ezekiel is a colored boy who lives in Sanford, Florida. The little colored sketches that illustrate the lines throughout the book make for its particular charm. However, the Negro dialect is such that children will find it impossible to read it themselves. It will be better read out loud. It is an amusing story that will even help drive away cares and wrinkles from the forehead of adults. *Cowboy in the Making* (Scribners), by Will James, is the story of the author's own life, which was adapted for younger boys from the now celebrated *Lone Cowboy*. It is exciting reading, with adventures which youngsters with a flare for a cowboy's outfit will certainly want to try out in the backyard.

Among the host of books relating to animal life we have dared to pick out a few because they appealed to us. *Trixie* (Dutton) was an orang-outan, the pride and pet of the circus. The book relates intimate stories of circus life as told by Bob Barton, clown and animal trainer. Here you will find many interesting adventures and lots of humor. Younger boys will enjoy reading of Trixie's heroism in saving the elephants, when the circus tent caught fire. The book points out what can be done with animals when treated kindly. *Mick and Mac* (Scribners), by Paul Brown, where Mac is a Scotty and Mick an Irish wolfhound, relates how Mac ran away from home because he was not treated kindly and was unhappy, and went to live with the Perkins family, circus people who loved animals. Naturally Mick and Mac became fast friends and had many adventures together. But if anything could be cuter than two young bear cubs, we would like to know what it is. Younger children will revel in the adventures of Tuffy and Fuffy in *The Polar Bear Twins* (Stokes), by Jane Tompkins, and will want to return to the book time and again.

Punda, the Tiger-Horse (Macmillan), by Walter J. Wilwerding, is the story of a zebra, that strange, spirited little horse called by the ancients "tiger-horse" because he was wild and striped like a tiger. The story is packed full of adventure with wild dogs, leopards and even human hunters. The author, a painter of African animals, includes eighteen beautiful illustrations in his book. Tim and Tom are *Twin Kids* (Dutton), by Inez Hogan, who became the pets of Petunia, a little colored girl. But after a chat with the cat, dog and bunny rabbit they decide that since Petunia sometimes forgets to feed her pets, it is not so pleasant belonging to her. Children under eight will enjoy this book. *The Biography of an Arctic Fox* (Appleton-Century), by Ernest Thompson Seton, is a history of Katug, a white fox, and Liagu, his mate. It tells of the habits and instincts of these furry creatures of the Arctic wilds interestingly and stirringly, without gruesomeness, even when narrating Katug's tragic end. Gertrude Robinson tells a delightful anecdote, based on fact, which she calls *Chee-Chee's Brother* (Dutton). A little mallard duck becomes separated from its mother. How the little Chee-Chee was protected and befriended by a great white drake and the friendship that grew up between the two comprises the story that is charmingly told. The illustrations are exceptionally good. But speaking of animal stories, one should not overlook *A Spaniel of Old Plymouth* (Harcourt, Brace), by Margaret and Helen Johnson, which is really a most remarkable story that any boy or girl will appreciate. Then too, *The Book of Animal Life* (Little, Brown), by Thora Stowell and Thornton W. Burgess, is full of factual information about every variety of animal.

We have a thesis that too many of today's books for children are factual and not sufficiently imaginative. If that tendency continues to prevail we shall have a future race of pragmatists on our hands. If we do not

develop the children's imagination, where will be our future poets? Where, indeed, our future—? But there we have gotten started! We remember ever so many books like *Never-Never Land*, and *The Doings of Dinkie* (Appleton-Century), by Selskar M. Gunn, reminds us of it. Well, here is imaginative writing that ought to suit us. *From Umar's Pack* (Dutton), by Effie Power, is a series of tales chosen from folk-lore that can be read to young people. There is real literature in them with plenty of wisdom and deeds of heroism and valor. The book will most aptly serve as an entering wedge in the minds of children when later in life they come across these characters in their reading. But *The Nightingale House* (Scribner's), by Elizabeth Palmer, will charm any little girl. Tilly Wick came from Sweden to Scandia, Minnesota, with her doll-house and its lone occupant, no less a personage than Jenny Lind. Was not Jenny Lind the Swedish Nightingale? Hence the name of the doll-house. And then came the fire, and everything in Tilly's own house was burned. And the doll-house? But that would be to tell the story. *A Little Shepherd's Trust* (Oxford), by Eva L. Hughes, is one of the most beautiful tales about Christmas that we have ever read. It tells of a little shepherd boy of Bethlehem who minded his father's flocks, because his father was ill. But what a treat was in store for him that first Christmas morning!

And we have some very good verse to help along what we were saying about imagination. *Four and Twenty Blackbirds* (Stokes), compiled by Helen Dean Fish, is a book of old nursery rhymes, and when we have said that, we have told enough to make the book interesting. It is beautifully illustrated and one of the most attractive of the season. It should prove of great value to playground directors of young groups, as the book also contains the music to which the rhymes are to be sung. Then a number of Emily Dickinson's poems, particularly adapted to the tastes of children, in a book entitled *Poems for Youth* (Little, Brown) has been gathered in a very attractive little volume. Needless to say, since the poems are Emily Dickinson's, they are all very fine. *Bobbylinkapoo* (Dorrance), by Theodore Marburg, is excellent juvenile verse. The story of Bobbylinkapoo's ventures in wonderland is told with charm and imagination that will delight children, not to mention the grown-ups who read the verses to them. And there is *Red Fox Rhymes* (Dutton), by John Carry Jamison, which is an original collection of rhymes and jingles about animals and people and all sorts of things.

But it is time that we are getting into the land of adventure. *Baby Island* (Macmillan), by Carol Ryrie Brink, has imagination enough for any young girl who yearns to put aside her doll and have a real live baby to take care of. Mary Wallace and her sister, Jean, have four babies to care for when they arrive as shipwrecks on a tropical island. How they win Mr. Peterkin, the lone inhabitant, as their friend, and the final arrival of their parents to rescue them is the charming, realistic story that will suit any girl from eight to twelve. *The Little House* (Harcourt, Brace), by Christine Chester Crowell, is not just another story book. Real young people like to read about people as real as themselves, and Mary L. Whitney—she is called Mary L—and her brother teach us a great deal about high ideals and courteous treatment of little friends. How Mary L. set about to help her father makes the story as enjoyable as it is. The mystery element in a story always makes a book doubly alluring. *The Secret of the Rosewood Box* (Stokes), by Helen Fuller Orton, has that element, as you can judge from the title. How a brave family went cheerfully westward from New York in 1880 to build a new home in the wilderness of Michigan constitutes the background of this adventure. In a fascinating way the story gives a new understanding of pioneer adventure and hardihood. Then there is *Secret of the Circle* (Longmans), by Alice Alison Lide and Margaret Alison Johansen. Kurt, the son of a merchant, travels with his father's pack train from the city of Lubeck to the trade fair at Cologne. Here is plenty of action and mystery with roads infested by robber barons, and at certain stages of the tale the young reader will be left breathless with suspense. *Typhoon Gold* (Little, Brown), by Paschal N. Strong, speaks of sunken treasure in the Sulu Sea. One can imagine thrilling adventure when Steve Coleman starts across the Pacific in the "Petrel" to search for his father's sunken yacht.

Here is a book that is real and the actual photographs of the voyage prove it. Two years before the mast on a three-masted square-rigger with Stormalong from Ipswich, a fourteen-year-old as the hero, and Hardcast the tough boy. The book by Alan Viliers takes its name from the hero, *Stormalong* (Scribner's). There are plenty of thrills and strange sights in all parts of the world and no glossing over the hard facts of seamanship on a sailing vessel. Any fourteen-year-old will find it extremely interesting. *Rising Thunder* (Longmans), by Hildegarde Hawthorne, is an historical novel of Virginia during Revolutionary days. Here we meet with such celebrities as Washington and Jefferson. Then there is Jack Jouett's thrilling ride to save Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and the Virginia Assemblymen from Tarleton's raid. It is very good reading and extremely instructive. *When Guns Thundered at Tripoli* (Holt), by Charles Finger, is an exciting story of the wars our American seamen waged against the pirates along the coast of Barbary. Boys of twelve will find it hard to lay the story aside.

Neither is adventure restricted to boys' books. In *Turn of Tide* (Appleton-Century), by Edith Ballinger Price, girls will find a thriller that is exciting all the way, and yet not so exciting that it will cause one to lie awake at nights. The adventures of Kit, Libby, Constance—who does turn out to be a "real" girl after all—and Jenks will afford some thoroughly enjoyable hours, if our girls like outdoor pleasures. The characters are excellently drawn, and how Miss Price can write of the sea and sailing boats and sea-coast settings! But for a real story with real photographs give me *The Little Girl Who Waved* (Stokes), by Clara A. Ford. Many a little girl, who has lived along the railroad, has waved day after day at the engineer or conductor as the trains went whizzing by. But this little girl waved at the train crew of the Twentieth Century Limited twice a day for over three years, until she became known to every trainman on the Limited. Imagine her surprise when she was invited to ride on "her train" all the way to New York, when the owners were celebrating "her train's" thirty-fifth birthday. No wonder Violet Kathleen Schmidt, when she was first told about it, said: "I have to think about it quietly before I can believe it."

We realize that we have omitted any number of books that are just as important as the ones we have mentioned. But in the limited space that we have at our disposal we have to call a halt somewhere. But before concluding we just have to say a few words about some books that are really important. *My Brother Was Mozart* (Holt), by Benson Wheeler and Claire Lee Purdy, is a biography of the great composer Mozart which young music lovers will find enchanting. His phenomenal rise to fame, the colorful historical setting in the courts of Germany and France are portrayed so realistically that the book will prove delightful reading, even for adults. *The Trader's Children* (Longmans), by Laura Adams Armer, has already proved a best seller and it needs little further comment here. It is the story of a Trading Post in the Arizona desert, and the children, white and copper-colored, are the real heroes and heroines. The photographs that illustrate the book are of themselves sufficient to recommend it. And last but not least *The Guardian Angel's Hour* (Burns, Oates), by Sophie Zu Eltz. When is the Guardian Angel's hour? It is the time just before going to bed, and of all the hours during the day this is the most precious one. Then it is the good Angel, given by God to guide and guard faltering footsteps, hovers over tired eyes and whispers heavenly things. The book is a collection of Saints' lives for young readers and younger listeners that will help them to sleep in a frame of mind conducive to celestial dreams.

ALBERT WHELAN

ART

FROM November 15 to 27 there has been a showing at the Ferargil Galleries, the work of an American painter, Paul Sample. Many readers of AMERICA will doubtless have seen reproductions of his work in *Life*, which has been doing a notable service to contemporary American art in presenting its readers with thorough treatments of contemporary artists both in full color and in black and white. After having done this a number of times, an editorial tendency naturally begins to make itself clear.

There seems to be a disposition to present to the public the work of artists who approach life with a certain degree of satire. Cadmus, whose work was reproduced some months ago, is an admirable example of this. His portrayals of sailors on leave definitely suggest that their sole activities on such occasions are concerned with wine, women and song, and these in a peculiarly unattractive form; his deliberate accentuations of the muscular peculiarities of the human body cannot help but call attention to how ridiculous a thing mankind can be physically.

In the same way Paul Sample's canvases give the impression of having been painted by a Gulliver who is observing with amusement the activities of Lilliputians. It is true that some of Mr. Paul Sample's rural scenes have a great deal of charm and do not give this impression. But *Life* has emphasized canvases of another type, and the emphasis is worth noting. One cannot for an instant pretend that there is anything un-Catholic in satire or fun, but certainly to carry such an attitude to its limit is to go too far. And one cannot help wondering whether a certain superficial cynicism is not indicated by such enthusiasm for satire.

At the Knoedler Galleries there is currently being shown until December 4 an exhibition of paintings, drawings and posters, by Toulouse-Lautrec. This is one of those retrospective showings so admirably done by Knoedler and Wildenstien, and which often puts to shame similar attempts by museums. Toulouse-Lautrec's preoccupation with subjects which have no great loveliness in themselves is likely to lead a literal-minded spectator to overlook the extraordinary beauty of color and design which distinguish everything that this artist ever did. Indeed, there is a clarity, an instinctive economy of means in all his work which lends it a quality of greatness that should be better appreciated. One can only ask any reader of AMERICA who may be fortunate enough to be able to see the current exhibition to look at the pictures shown with an eye to the way they are done rather than with consideration of what they represent. The latter soon becomes unimportant and the fact that one is looking at remarkably unpleasant people soon becomes of no consequence.

Toulouse-Lautrec in some ways epitomizes better than anyone else the French artistic life of the end of the nineteenth century. His work extends over about twenty years—from 1880 to 1900. This was the time when a general disillusionment had set in with the romanticism of the middle of the century and when literature, art and life was tending in the direction of naturalism as a reaction against what had been before. De Maupassant represents the literary achievement of the time; Aristide Bruant and Yvette Guilbert represent the favorite entertainment. And it is this quality which particularly distinguishes Toulouse-Lautrec, over and above the extraordinary freedom and excellence of his color and design. This also must be taken into account by anyone attempting to appraise his work. To do this is not to condone the moral system implied in naturalism, but rather to explain an historical background which must always be considered in forming one's judgments of a great artist.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. As Father Talbot remarked during his speech at the benefit performance of *Father Malachy's Miracle*, given under the auspices of America Spanish Relief Fund, there may be some differences of opinion among Catholics about certain scenes in the play. There seemed to be no such differences in the minds of that pre-view audience. Every one appeared to enjoy every minute of the play, and the applause at the end of each scene was the whole-hearted variety that indicates enthusiastic approval and suggests no reservations.

If there were, and are, reservations, I leave them for my colleagues on AMERICA to discuss. My part here is to comment on the play as entertainment and as art; and there are no qualifications in my endorsement as both. As entertainment, the play gives us a full and delightful evening at the theatre. As art it is admirably written, admirably directed and acted throughout with genuine inspiration. The scenic effects, likewise, contributed both to the art and the entertainment.

It will be long indeed before New York sees anything better than Al Shean's interpretation of the leading role. He *is* Father Malachy, the old Benedictine monk, and he is so human, so ingratiating, so engaging, so lovable, that one follows his work with a laugh on the lips and with tears in the eyes. No actor can ask a greater response to his art than that. It is Mr. Shean's good fortune that he is among the few to receive it once in a life-time. He is assisted by a group of actors who seem delighted to give him their fullest support in achieving his superb performance.

I am not going into the plot. All the readers of AMERICA will see the play, of course—if there are any left who did not attend that benefit performance. It would be wrong to limit their enjoyment, even in the slightest degree, by giving them much of the story in advance. I will only say that Father Malachy performed his miracle at the end of the first act, and that the remaining two acts and four scenes are concerned with what came of it.

What came of it is exactly what one might expect in the world of today and among the characters represented; and it is shown with such insight, such tolerance, such humor and such understanding that it should silence even the severest critics. It will not, of course. They will not all be tolerant and good humored and understanding. They will fasten on this and on that. They may object to the dance hall, in which nothing really objectionable is shown except the ignorance and innate vulgarity of certain types in such a place. They will grow excited over what they may insist is tacit or active criticism of the Church. There is really none of that at all, but perhaps a passage here and there can be twisted to seem criticism. They may be pained by the extreme humanness of some members of the clergy, all of whom are good men and the better men because of their little human failings. They will be critical of the attitude of the Italian Cardinal—an attitude that is entirely proper. No miracle is accepted by the Church overnight, or without careful study.

But whatever they may fuss about and complain of, they will really have a very good time at the play. And despite their protests they will carry away a lasting memory of the perfection of the acting of the entire cast, and a quality of inspiration which is hard to define but which will linger long in their minds as well as in their hearts.

Did I suggest in the beginning of this review that it was my intention to leave to others the answers to reservations and criticisms? Perhaps I did. But how could I, when I have this golden opportunity to get in the first word?

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

FIRST LADY. The Washington political scene is further complicated by this brilliant feminist reading of the ethics of office-seeking. The film is sharply spoken and careless of illusions shrouding chief executives and Supreme Court justices alike, so that authors George Kaufman and Katherine Dayton cannot be accused of special pleading for anything save subtler and funnier satire. The race for the presidency of these tax-harried United States is on between the handsome young Secretary of State and his more venerable opponent from the Supreme Court bench, but the chicanery is managed by their respective wives. The winning strategy produces the first husband of the justice's wife, a foreign noble to whom she is still bound by the receptiveness of international divorce proceedings, at her elaborate party. The embarrassing moment determines who, in future, is to dominate the White House tea-table. Kay Francis and Verree Teasdale are the warring women and their performances are touched with feline wit. Preston Foster, Anita Louise, Walter Connolly and Victor Jory add effective portrayals while Louise Fazenda caricatures a provincial clubwoman with broad humor. Stanley Logan's direction emphasizes the fact that this is a conversation piece, but since the dialogue is generally excellent the production will more than satisfy. (*Warner*)

45 FATHERS. The usual, slightly dense adult is helped out of the time-worn romantic entanglement by the inevitably precocious child in this moderately amusing picture. The fact that the familiar pattern of incident has any appeal at all is attributable to Jane Withers' freshness and apparent zest for her work. It is related how the adopted daughter of a wealthy gentleman undertakes to repay his kindness by supervising his projected marriage. Realizing that his fiancée is not the lady he thinks her, the daughter draws upon her nursery guile and perpetrates such tricks as will make the designing woman waive all promises. The star is pleasant enough, for the most part, and is assisted by Louise Henry, Thomas Beck and Richard Carle. The picture is unobjectionable for all. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS. The questionable expedient of marriage to restore the lustre of a fading screen career is introduced and followed to its more or less unsatisfactory happy conclusion. The treatment of what was intended to be a brightly sophisticated comedy is heavy to the point of dullness and there is no surprise in store for the constant movie-goer. When the renewal of her screen contract is in doubt, an actress goes abroad to find a husband worth national publicity. She weds a waiter in disguise and wins her contract but the appearance in Hollywood of her false nobleman gives rise to regrets. True love, however, blossoms upon the discovery that he had recently inherited a fortune. Beverley Roberts and Patric Knowles manage to inject some color into the mercenary proceedings as the romantic leads. (*Warner*)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY. Another case of a misalliance forestalled, this film employs the well-meaning friend device to interrupt an ill-favored romance. A man in danger of wedding an actress is spirited away by the manager of a prize-fighter and the boxer becomes his substitute for the ceremony. In Budapest, the lucky gentleman becomes involved with an entertainer and is challenged by a famous duelist, only to be rescued again by the newly-divorced actress. It does not matter much if you do not follow this absurd plot, as it has little in the way of amusement. John Boles and Margot Grahame yield acting honors to Jack Oakie and Ida Lupino in this fair adult film. (*RKO*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

AFTER several years' research into the difference between a college professor and a college president, a well-known authority issued his final report last week. The study resulted in the following discovery. The professor begins by knowing much about a small field. As time goes on, he knows more and more about less and less until in the end he knows everything about nothing. The president, on the other hand, begins by knowing a little about a great many things. In the course of time, he knows less and less about more and more until in the end he knows nothing about everything. In educational circles the report is regarded as extremely valuable, clarifying, as it does, the exact functional status of professor and president. . . . Other encouraging signs were observed during the week, presaging a fuller life for both over-and-under-privileged. . . . A non-skid soap was patented. . . . Water-proof spats have been definitely achieved, ending a puzzling problem that has caused much discontent among spat-wearers. . . . A small portable stool with back-rest for standing-room-only victims promises to revolutionize the entire standing-room-only field. . . . Air-conditioned goggles will decrease the impact of modern civilization upon the goggle clientele. . . . The tendency to extend the pet status to rats and mice was growing stronger. Two cat societies and a mouse-and-rat club put on a show in New York. Rodents with pedigrees captivated the audience, as the American Mouse Fanciers Club exhibited seventy-five blue-blooded rats, mice. A pink-eyed white mouse won a first. . . . The new tolerance toward rodents was marred, however, by a growing bigotry against pigeons. . . . Someone is going around New York feeding strychnine-filled seeds to the metropolitan pigeon population. . . . An unsocial attitude toward dogs was also reported. . . .

Instances that purchasing power was again nosediving emerged. . . . A Midwest wife sought divorce, testifying that her husband had given her only fifty cents during four years of wedded bliss. He later charged her fifty cents for driving his automobile, thus recovering his losses. Her purchasing power was impaired by this experience, it was revealed. . . . The Society of Fred Smiths announced their forthcoming banquet in January. Their first banquet, held last year, was attended by seventy-five Fred Smiths from twenty-six States. A movement to organize an Order of John Joneses was launched. Politicians were watching the two embryonic groups with concern. Amalgamation of the nation's Fred Smiths and John Joneses might swing the 1940 elections either way, actuaries believed. . . . Interest in football continued. Following an Eastern gridiron match, a Rhode Island mayor was fined for profanity. . . . Mumps manifested vagaries. A Michigan newspaper which has not missed an edition for eighteen years missed one last week. The editor had the mumps. . . . The difficulty a lady with two pet full-grown lions has in renting houses or apartments was illustrated in Los Angeles. She could not rent, had to buy a house. And then neighbors complained when they saw the two lions running around her back yard. She has sacrificed a great deal to keep her pets, she told the judge. Animal lovers, fearing for civil liberties, urged her to insist on her constitutional rights, not to accept dictation from lion-hating neighbors. . . .

With stupefying swiftness, standards are changing all about us. If civilization continues in its role of lightning-change artist in the moral field, soon we may be reading stranger and stranger items in our papers: "Police yesterday discovered a couple with eight children. The parents will be prosecuted under the birth-surplus laws."

THE PARADER